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THE SOUTH.

THE REBEL PERFIDY IN THE LEGISLATURE.

COLORED REPUBLICANS EXPELLED.

ATLANTA, SEPT. 4th, 1868.

[GEORGIA is the chosen field for the new revolutiary scheme for the re-enslavement, of the blacks. We present from the *Tribune's* able correspondent, a member of the Legislature, a full and authentic history of the high-handed proceedings, including also the expulsion of the colored Senators, as well as the members of the House of Representatives.—ED.]

Yesterday was enacted in this city one of the most remarkable scenes which has been exhibited in the strange, eventful drama of reconstruction in Georgia. The chosen and elected Representatives of one-half the legal voters of Georgia were ignominiously ejected from their seats in the lower House of the General Assembly, by the Representatives of the other half. All but four of the colored members of the House were found guilty of having negro blood in their veins, and for this crime were punished. That this was the sole cause of the expulsion is proved by the reasons given for excepting the four who were retained. They were excepted for the present because the Democrats choose to assume they had less than one-eighth African blood, while the twenty-five expelled were alleged to have more. No proof was offered of either assertion. The twenty-five were acknowledged to have as good title to their seats as the four, but the latter were of somewhat lighter complexion than the twenty-five, and the Democrats, sitting as a jury, decided by inspection that the twenty-five were guilty, and the four were innocent of being negroes. Why they should have spared the four when they could just as easily have expelled them is inexplicable, unless upon the theory that they might thereby gain some credit for magnanimity, or that they cared not to expel more than was necessary to give them an assured majority of two-thirds. Those excepted were as much Republicans as those who were expelled, yet it was more because they were Republicans than because they were negroes that the latter suffered. But the four favored ones are only reprieved—they have only the poor privilege of being the last to be destroyed. A resolution has been introduced to inquire into the quantity of negro blood in *their* veins, and their fate is predetermined—yet one of these men proved to the satisfaction of one of a previous committee that he was a Frenchman born in Paris, that he was brought to South Carolina at an early age by his parents who soon after died, and that to gain possession of some little property he was heir to, the managers of his father's estate sold him as a slave in Georgia. He had not forgotten his native language, but speaks very pure Parisian French. Another of these four was a captain in the Federal army, commanded white troops, fought in many of the most important battles in Virginia, was with Sherman in his famous march to the sea, was dangerously wounded, and twice a prisoner of war. Neither of these men could be taken for colored men if met on Broadway, but they have pleaded guilty of being of African blood, and they will be punished for it. Such are the beauties of Southern Democracy.

Perhaps it will be well to give a brief sketch of the proceedings of this legislature in reference to the question of ineligibility, both of white and black members.

At the commencement of the session, questions were made as to the eligibility of certain members under the Fourteenth Article of the U. S. Constitution. It was contended, and with much appearance of reason, that those who were ineligible under the operations of that article were not entitled to seats in the General Assembly. It was well known that some thirty or more Democratic members had held office before the war, during the war had served in the Confederate army, and had otherwise afforded aid and comfort to the Rebellion. A committee was appointed to investigate these cases, and that committee, having upon it a majority of Republicans, reported in effect, that Gen. Meade's order declaring the sitting members elected was conclusive as to their eligibility, and a resolution of the House solemnly declared all sitting members eligible. Though this was intended to apply only to those thought to be ineligible under the Fourteenth Article, it in reality did away with the ineligibility of those who might be alleged to be ineligible from any other cause. The report was accepted; the Republicans, with their usual foolish magnanimity, (including the colored men) voting for it. The question was thought to be settled, and it was considered there should be no more question as to the right to his seat of any member, white or black. But the greed of the Democracy could not be satisfied with getting what they had no right to. It became necessary that they should acquire such a majority as might be able to overcome the Governor's veto on their iniquitous plots, and in spite of him carry out their revolutionary and reactionary designs. So, under the counsel of those arch-traitors, Ben. Hill and Toombs, who run the Democratic machine here, they concocted this conspiracy against the colored representatives. It was successful *because the colored members were not permitted to vote in their own case*, and because of weak-kneed Republicans who dodged the question. The colored members were accused *en masse*, they were not permitted to *sever*, as the lawyers say, and not one of them was allowed to vote on the preliminary questions or on the final decision.

The plot was perfected in this way: The eligibility of F. H. Fyall, a sitting member, had been referred to the Committee on Privileges, a majority of whom were Republicans. By some hocus-pocus the report of the Democratic minority was substituted for that of the majority, and Mr. Scott (Dem.) then reported that F. H. Fyall, holding a seat from the County of Macon, is not a citizen of Macon, but of Bibb County; that he is also a free person of color, and therefore is not entitled to a seat on this floor under the Constitution. Another Democrat then offered a substitute that *no person of color* was eligible to a seat on this floor under the Constitution of the State, and Mr. Scott accepted the substitute. *Now it will be observed that the only accusation preferred against these men is on the ground of color.* The old slave code of Georgia itself lays down only seven grounds of ineligibility:

1. Persons not citizens of the State, nor of the age of twenty-one years or upward, are ineligible.
2. Holders of public money unaccounted for.
3. Felons under the laws of this State or any other State.
4. Persons holding any office of profit or trust under the United States, or any of the States, or any foreign State.
5. Persons of unsound mind.
6. Non-residents.
7. Persons constitutionally disqualified.

These are all the grounds of ineligibility set forth in "Irwin's Code." All persons not subject to these causes are eligible to office, and the new Constitution under which this Legislature assembled adds to these, *only* dueling. But this same slave code has provisions for trials of disputed citizenship which, in substance, enact that, upon the complaint of any person that another is of mixed blood and therefore not entitled to the rights of citizenship, the plaintiff may prove that the defendant has one-eighth of negro or African blood in his veins, and so establish his case. On this flimsy pretext the Democrats of this Legislature acted. They alleged that the colored members had one-eighth or more of African blood, and without taking the trouble to go through with the process which the very law itself, in which they found their authority, prescribed, they constituted themselves judges, accusers, and witnesses, and gained their case as a matter of course. They did not choose to acknowledge the authority of the very Constitution which gave birth and vitality to them as legislators, which Constitution expressly declares that no more of that Slave Code shall be of force than is consistent with the supreme law, *i. e.* the Constitution and laws of the United States and the Constitution of Georgia. Now, the exclusion from citizenship of all persons who have one-eighth or more of African blood in their veins is inconsistent with the Civil Rights bill, the Reconstruction acts, and the first section of the Constitutional Amendment, and the first section of Georgia, which is in the following words—almost identical with those of the recently adopted section of the United States Constitution:

SEC. 2. All persons born, or naturalized, in the United States, and resident in this State, are hereby declared citizens of this State; and no laws shall be made or enforced which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, or of this State, or deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of its laws. And it shall be the duty of the General Assembly, by appropriate legislation, to protect every person in the due enjoyment of the rights, privileges and immunities guaranteed in this section.

But said these men who wrest the Constitution to their own destruction, that instrument, it is true confers the rights of citizenship upon the negro, but does not confer upon him the right to hold office, elective or other. Yet the only condition for holding office demanded by the ordinance of the Convention under which the members of this Legislature, white and black, Republican and Democrat, were elected, is that those elected shall be "loyal citizens." The ejected colored Republicans fulfil this condition; the Democrats, who turned them out, do not. The Convention intended to cheat the negro, say the Democrats, else it would have made some explicit declaration of the negroes' title to office. If this were true, it would be a two-edged argument, for the Constitution nowhere confers upon the *white* man the right to hold office; but it is not true—there was in the Convention which framed the Constitution of Georgia a very emphatic declaration on this point. On the 15th of February last, Mr. Waddell, a Democrat, introduced the following resolution in the Convention:

"White men only shall be eligible to any office of trust, honor, or profit, or employment, whether municipal, judicial, or political, in this State, and white men only shall serve on juries."

Mark how promptly and effectually the Convention crushed this bad egg! When the resolution was put upon its passage it got only 19 votes for it to 103 against it. The Convention considered that in conferring upon the colored man the rights of a citizen, it conferred upon him *all* the rights of a citizen. It would not stultify itself by declaring positively that this or that man, equal in civil or political rights, as it had already declared *all* citizens to be, should or should not hold office or obtain "employment" if he could. It could not be made to understand why a free American citizen, made so by the supreme law of the land, should not be as much a citizen in Georgia as in Massachusetts, and when he had the right to serve the people as an officer in one State why he should not have it in the other.

But the motto of the Democracy everywhere is that power may override Constitutions and law whenever they stand in the way—

"The good old rule, the ancient plan,
That he may take who has the power,
And he may keep who can."

The colored men had not the "power" to keep their seats, though their right was unquestionable.

I have no time to detail further the particulars of this Rebel victory, but will, in my next, give more particulars. It is sufficient to say now that the Democrats are by no means so jubilant as they usually are over their success; perhaps they see a dark cloud in the horizon; perhaps the news from Vermont throws something of a damper over their joy, and the Republicans are cast down and despairing. They deserve some chastening for the dissensions which they have suffered to pervade their ranks, and to which in a great degree their disaster is owing.

GOOD CONDUCT OF THE COLORED REPRESENTATIVES—NEGRO SUPREMACY—ELOQUENCE OF THE NEGROES—THE CONSEQUENCES OF THE OUTRAGE—ATTEMPT TO TAKE AWAY FROM THE GOVERNOR CONTROL OF THE STATE ROAD—IMPEACHMENT—EMBARARASSING SITUATION OF THE GOVERNOR—MR. AKERMAN'S SPEECH—GEN. HILL GOING NORTH.

ATLANTA, Sept. 5th 1868.

IN my last I had no opportunity to dilate upon the admirable conduct of the expelled colored Representatives in the trying circumstances in which they were placed. It would have been hard for a similar number of the white race to have forborne some threats or more manifestations of revengeful feeling. Their conduct was in accordance with the decorous and modest demeanor they have maintained since they have sat in this Legislature. The most violent threat they made was—we will now go home and work for Grant and Colfax. It would have been a good lesson for those of you at the North who are grieving under the idea that the South, down-trodden and oppressed, is groaning under negro supremacy, if they could have seen the representatives of the dominant and supreme black race shamefully ejected from their rightful positions in the Legislature by a few scores of the aforesaid down-trodden and oppressed whites. If they could have seen this, and known something of the fearful tyranny and violence committed in almost every county of the State by the aforesaid down-trodden upon the aforesaid supreme race, I think they would change their opinions somewhat, and conclude "the boot was on the other leg" as to negro supremacy.

The colored members were permitted to occupy an hour each in making speeches in their own defence, if there is such a thing as defence in a case which is predetermined and prejudged. Many of them availed themselves of the privilege, and demonstrated, to the satisfaction of everybody but those who had resolved they should be condemned, that they were no interlopers upon that floor, but were citizens, and entitled to every right and privilege of the citizen, and among them that of representing whatever constituency might choose to elect them. I wish some of your squeamish Republicans at the North who are so contemptuous toward the negro could have heard those speeches. Most of them would have done honor to any Legislative Assembly. Some of them were couched in rude and ungrammatical language, but all made some effective points. "*You laugh at my ignorance,*" said one old black man, who had learned to read and write since the war ended, "*would you have been any more learned than I am if for 57 years you were not permitted to own a spelling-book without running the risk of the lash.*" Many of the appeals were eminently pathetic, and all the addresses contained passages of eloquence and argument which surprised even those who had thought they knew the negro and his mental capacity thoroughly. Fred. Douglass and John M. Langston are not the only orators of their race. It is not too broad an assertion to say that there were not twenty white men in that Legislature who could have made twenty such speeches. *There is not one negro there who cannot read and write, and some of them are highly educated.* I send you a copy of the protest of the colored men, seconded by some of their white friends, against their expulsion, and you may judge something of their capacity from that. It was written by Mr. Porter a colored member from Chatham County, and is in his own language and hand-writing. The majority of the House meanly refused to allow it to be spread on the journal.

The consequences, upon the progress and recuperation of the State, are likely to be deplorable. Gov. Bullock, who has devoted all his energy and great practical talent to the advance of Georgia till she shall hold the position in the front rank of States, will find all his efforts impeded and rendered nugatory by a faction whose whole aim and object will be to thwart him in everything, for they hate him personally as well as politically, because he, a man unknown to the aristocratic clique who have so long governed Georgia and monopolized all the offices, has broken their ring and intruded new ideas of progress and order. Already have they introduced a bill to take the Western and Atlantic Railroad out of his hands and confer it upon commissioners—a plan which has been tried years ago and found to be productive of loss to the State and of gain to nobody but the commissioners. *They also threaten impeachment*, and would doubtless try it if they did not know that Mr. Conley, the President of the Senate, was, if possible, a sterner Republican than even Gov. Bullock. They would find Mr. Conley, who would take Gov. Bullock's place in case of the success of impeachment, a harder customer to deal with than even Gov. Bullock. Perhaps they have read history. "Nobody," said Charles the Second to his brother James, who warned him of a plot against his life, "nobody is going to kill me to make you a king." Upon the same principle Gov. Bullock is safe from impeachment.

But safety from impeachment is no help to the arduous duties he has to perform, and the immense responsibility he has to encounter. Having no support from a hostile Legislature—for the Senate is weak-kneed and wavering, and the small majority in it is soon to be severed by the ejection of the two colored Republicans now there, and of a sufficient number of whites to make it Democratic—Gov. Bullock has now all the responsibilities of the government, with no aid from any quarter in carrying it on. He has to provide means to administer the government, while the taxes cannot be collected; and the former treasurer, under Gov. Jenkins, still retains in his hands and refuses to account for the proceeds of previous year's revenue. It is hidden away somewhere in New York, awaiting the time when Seymour and Blair shall be elected and the present State government shall be subverted. The present Legislature in its bitter hostility to him is not likely to make any provision for the support of his administration, or for the payment on the interest of the public debt, and upon him will they attempt to throw the odium of the consequent decline in the States credit. He is expected to keep the public peace, yet he has not an assured man at his disposal. Congress has prohibited the arming of the militia, and if it had not, there is no time for organization before the crisis, the Presidential election, where all look for wide-spread riot and bloodshed. The United States troops cannot act without the permission of the President, and while a demand for their services is undergoing the red-tapery of Washington, the worst consequences may ensue; in fact, some parts of the State are already under a reign of terror instead of that Republican government which ought to have been guarranteed. *Seymour and Blair are already rulers in Georgia; they govern it with a rod of iron—with murder and the scourge as their prime ministers.*

The Republicans, however, are going to make as much of a struggle as they can under their depressing surroundings. The expulsion of the colored members from the Legislature has released and sent abroad among their people some twenty-five energetic, bold, and eloquent political missionaries, who will go at every risk wherever their services can be most effective. Some of the gentlemen on the Electoral ticket are able and eloquent, as the address of Mr. Akerman—a copy of which I shall send you—will prove. Mr. Akerman, though he is little known in politics, is the foremost man among the Republicans of Georgia in point of intellect and skill in debate, and the two-hour speech which he delivered here last night was fully equal to the best efforts of A. H. Stephens, and far superior to the insane ravings of Toombs, Hill and Cobb.

By the way you may soon expect a visitation from our Ben. Hill. The Democratic papers announce that the distinguished incendiary is going to start soon on a stump-speaking circuit through the North. Pray heaven that he may speak such pieces as he is in the habit of speaking here; they would be worth hundreds of thousands of votes to Grant and Colfax. But there is no hope that this tone will remain the same with his change of latitude. He will roar at you Yankees "gently as a sucking dove," as Billy Bottom says. It will be a curious contrast—his speech at this place some weeks since, and his speech at Boston if he happens to reach the "Hub." He has been here for a day or so, conspiring with the Democrats how best to upset the State government. Is it not among the ominous coincidences, between the situation now and that of 1860, that now, as then, prominent traitors go on political pilgrimages to the North?

SEATING OF THE NEW MEMBERS—EXPULSION OF THE COLORED SENATORS—THE GOVERNOR'S REMONSTRANCE—THE REVOLUTION COMMENCED IN GEORGIA—THE LEADERS OF DEMOCRACY THERE—TOOMBS UPON GEN. GRANT—THE FUTURE—A SESSION OF CONGRESS NOT WANTED—MILITARY FORCE NEEDED—THE GOVERNOR'S PROCLAMATION AGAINST DISORDER.

ATLANTA, Sept. 12.—Having ousted from their seats the colored members, representatives of majorities, the next move of the triumphant Democracy has been to seat the representatives of the minorities, the men who were beaten by the colored members at the election. By the Code of Georgia, whenever an officer is exercising the functions of an office to which he is ineligible, the next highest candidate shall be declared elected. It certainly never was in the contemplation of the makers of this law that advantages should be taken of it to unseat at one swoop one-seventh of the whole number of members in the House, and seat in their places an equal number of men who could not obtain the votes of one-half of the people, and who at best could represent only a contemptible minority; but this rule was enforced in this case. No remonstrance availed, and accordingly some 19 Democratic successors of the colored members were sworn in. A glaring instance of the insolent injustice of the new men who were so ready to cavil at the eligibility of the colored members occurred on this occasion. A resolution was offered, naming a committee to examine into the eligibility of the new members under the Fourteenth Article of the United States Constitution, but the resolution was promptly voted down. So the new members, many of whom are known to be ineligible under that article, are safe in their seats beyond inquiry, and this Legislature has in effect declared that, while it is a crime to be a negro, it is no crime to be a traitor.

THE WORK GOES BRAVELY ON.

Beside the four respited colored men in the House, who were permitted to occupy their seats until the Committee on Elections could determine whether they were white men or negroes, there still remained two men in the Senate who were guilty of being of a dark complexion. On Friday the onslaught commenced upon these two forlorn specimens of "negro supremacy;" and on Saturday the colored Senators went the way of their brethren of the House, and were ejected by a vote of 24 to 11. So, when the four remaining Representatives shall have been expelled from the House, which will be done on Monday, no taint of African blood will remain in the Georgia Legislature; but it will be purely and immaculately Anglo-Saxon, as it is customary to call that conglomeration of all races but African that go to make up the American. It is true there are two or three Irishmen and Germans in the House; but, being Republicans, the Democrats are inquiring very solicitously into their naturalization papers, and Celt and Teuton may have to walk the plank as well as the African.

Campbell and Wallace, the colored Senators, were allowed one hour each to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon them, but the first named only availed himself of the permission, Wallace having absented himself in disgust. Campbell delivered a sensible and modest speech, making no new points, except that he laid more stress than had hitherto been done upon the following ordinance of the late Constitutional Convention, which before any impartial jury would have settled the question in his favor:

AN ORDINACE declaratory of the qualification of members of the General Assembly, to be chosen at the first election held under the Constitution framed by this Convention.

Be it ordained by the people of Georgia, in Convention assembled, That the persons eligible as members of the General Assembly, at the first election held under the Constitution framed by this convention, shall be citizens of the United States, who shall have been inhabitants of this State for six months, and of the district or county for which they shall be elected for three months next preceding such election, and who, in the case of Senators, shall have attained the age of 25 years, and in the case of Representatives the age of 21 years, at the time of such election.

Perhaps it is necessary to say that *this* is the General Assembly elected at the first election held under the new Constitution, and that all but one of the colored members ejected fulfill the conditions of the ordinance; but if the proofs of their right had been as strong as Holy Writ their fate could not have been averted.

All the arguments adduced by the Democracy were of the same stereotyped character. It would have been ludicrous had it not been disgusting to hear men elected as Republicans, solely by negro votes—men who did not get a dozen white vote in their district, pleading that "this is a white man's government," etc., etc., *usque ad nauseum*.

"If we are black," said Turner, a colored member of the House, "if we have skins not colored like your own, it is God's doings—if it is a crime, it is God's crime. Hold, then, my and your Creator responsible, but do not punish his creatures. But for 'God's crime,' one portion of His creatures persecute and punish another, and for being guilty of that crime have otherwise innocent men been deprived of their legal and constitutional rights."

THE GOVERNOR'S REMONSTRANCE

against the action of the House was an able and unanswerable document. It was temperate in tone, and as respectful as could be made consistently with the force of the argument, yet the House chose to consider it an insult to its dignity, and a reflection upon its action. It therefore passed a resolution returning it to his Excellency with the intimation that the House was a judge of the qualifications of its own members, and not the Governor; and they are the keepers of their own consciences, and not his Excellency. They certainly have a sinecure.

GEORGIA THE BATTLE-GROUND.

This State may be considered the battle-ground of the new revolution which is to inaugurate the reign of the Seymour and Blair Democracy. The movements which have been already made are only the skirmishes that precede the great and decisive battle, whose field is to be the whole country. It is useless to deny that in these preliminary skirmishes the Republicans have been badly beaten, and the lovers of the Union everywhere may take alarm and warning from the misfortunes of their brethren in Georgia. We have lost the fight here partly through treachery, cowardice, and unworthy ambition in our own ranks; partly from the weakness of the new government, which has no means of enforcing its authority, but more from the reign of terror, the social and business proscription which prevails against all who dare to avow themselves friends of peace and the Union. It is supremely difficult even for men in the position of legislators, knowing what they will have to encounter when they return home, to meet the resposibility of a vote which may be counter to murderous and proscriptive public opinion. That public opinion has been formed by such men as Cobb, Toombs and Ben. Hill, men reckless, mendacious, powerful in denunciation, without conscience, and without honor; men who, while professing to be the pinks of modern chivalry, have no scruples to advise their followers to make war upon women and children, if they happen to be the wives and children of Republicans. Their followers, obedient to the old shameful Slavery that bound them to the mastery of such men, a subserviency that shackled free thought, silenced free speech, perverted the press to an engine of tyranny, still obey the beck and nod of these their old masters. No man's private character is safe from their attacks, no woman's reputation, and it is not to be wondered at that men, good Union men at heart, shrink from encountering the ribaldry and blackguardism of the press and of their orators. There are not many men who are made of the stuff that martyrs are made of, and there are not many such men in the Georgia Legislature. I wish decency would permit me to write out, as a specimen of their blackguardism aforesaid a speech delivered by Toombs in Augusta a few days since. Nothing could more fully exemplify the violence, desperation, and thorough depravity of the man and party to which he belongs. Why, the "wickedest man in New York" would have kicked out of his dance-house any "rough" who would have used such language. And yet this Toombs is a gentleman *par excellence*, and one who is a popular and much lauded leader of his party. It is some apology for Republicanism here that respectable men are not willing to risk the attacks of such men, and that they become what is called "weak-kneed."

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THE FUTURE.

It is not difficult to trace out the ramifications of the plot by which the Democratic leaders hope to gain possession of the government of Georgia. A masterly and connected chain of operations was agreed upon from the first, and so far every link of the conspiracy has been successful. The plot was laid by those masters in duplicity and trickery, Toombs, Cobb, and Hill—those Catalines, who, like their prototype of old, would not reject the aid of any, "not even of slaves," agreeing upon a plot of which the following is the bill of particulars:

First: To elect, or consent to the election of officers of the Legislature of dubious Republicanism, and so by the flattery and cojoling they know so well how to use, get control of the committees.

Second: To secure that Democrats ineligible under the Fourteenth Constitutional Amendment should, by the help of the foolish magnanimity of Republicans (a trait they knew from past experience could be relied upon,) be permitted to keep their seats.

Third: To expel from the Legislature, no matter upon what plea, the colored members, all Republicans.

These three parts of the programme have been enacted with a facility which must have astonished the conspirators themselves, but there remains more to be done; the Governor is Republican, and it is not certain that the necessary two-thirds majority can be had over the Governor's veto, so other steps have to be taken and the future scenes of the programme are: 4th, To unseat so many white Republicans as will give the requisite two-thirds Democratic majority. 5th, To take the control of the Western and Atlantic Railroad, the only source of revenue out of the Governor's hands, and devote its proceeds to the furtherance of the revolution. 6th, and finally to oust Gov. Bullock by some means that will put Gen. Gordon his competitor, or some other Democrat, in his place. Having the power they will soon find the way, and the Blair platform, the upsetting of the new State Governments, will be carried into effect so far as Georgia is concerned.

WHAT THE UNION MEN OF GEORGIA WANT.

Some of the most patriotic and devoted of the Union men here, at first were disposed to ask for and press the necessity for the assemblage of Congress in September, but most are now inclined to think that however great the apparent necessity, there might result some injury to the success of the Union cause in the persons of Grant and Colfax. Congress may be able to stop the progress of this revolution, and to wrench the government of the State out of rebel hands, but rather than the Republican cause should suffer detriment, the Union men here, though for nearly eight years waiting for a perfect and thorough deliverance from the rule of traitors; though with the despairing cry continually in their hearts, "How long, oh Lord, how long!" are yet willing to suffer and endure for a season, rather than any measure should be undertaken for their benefit which might result in the general disadvantage. Therefore the sentiments of the most reflective among them are opposed to a meeting of Congress in September. Beside there is a suspicion that the otherwise unaccountably rash conduct of the Democracy here is prompted by a design to bring Congress together for the purpose of making it and its cause unpopular, and injuring Grant. Upon the election of Grant depends their only chance of remaining in Georgia in peace and security, and they are not willing to risk future and permanent peace for present and temporary advantage. If a sufficient force of regular troops could be placed at the disposal of the Governor for the purpose of suppressing insurrection and preserving peace, nothing more would be needed at present. As I said in a former letter, he has not an armed man at his disposal, and the civil officers cannot, or will not, enforce the law.

A PROCLAMATION.

The Legislature having passed a resolution requesting the Governor to issue his proclamation against unlawful armed assemblages, he has improved the opportunity to extend it to those who are endeavoring to excite to riot and bloodshed, and to hostilities against the United States and State government. The wrath of the rebel press is unbounded at this, and is very significant of the designs of the party.

MURDER OF NEGROES IN GEORGIA.

The Atlanta Republican vouches for the author of the following letter:

ELBERT CO., Ga., Aug. 31st, 1868.

DEAR SIR: In answer to your inquiry about the outrage recently committed on colored persons in Elbert County, I give you the following facts as I heard them from persons likely to be correctly informed:

First: Early in this month, on the plantation of Mrs. Baker, one Scott, a white man employed on the plantation, shot with a pistol William Morrison, a colored boy, as he was harmlessly riding a mule to water—a duty to which the boy had been ordered by a lady having charge of affairs at the place. The ball entered the back, and the wound at first supposed to be fatal; but under the care of a skillful and humane physician, the patient is better and may recover.

Second: On the 22nd inst. a colored preacher, named Elias (sometimes called Elias Whitner), came to Ruckersville, in this county, from his home in Anderson, S. C. Soon after his arrival he was approached by three white citizens of the village, who ordered him to leave the place in one hour; one of them adding, "if you don't go we'll skin you alive." Elias tried to talk to them, but they refused to hear him. He then got his mule and buggy and meekly departed homeward. Before the expiration of the hour allowed him in his warning, he was found dead in the road, about a mile from Ruckersville, shot through the body. The only reasons I have heard given for expelling him from Ruckersville were, that he was concerned in an affray in South Carolina year before last, in which a young white man was killed; and that he was supposed to be active in getting up meetings of the "Loyal League." I understand that he was concerned in that unfortunate affair in Carolina, but that the whole matter has been investigated under the laws of that State, and the offenders punished according to their guilt, and that his offense was so slight that he was dismissed, with a fine. I have no information respecting his connection with "Loyal Leagues."

Third: On the 25th of August, Nathan Thompson, a colored man of good character, who teaches school in the lower part of the county for colored children, when on the way from the school-house to his home, was shot at twice by some white person in ambush near the road. One of the shots took effect in his shoulder, but the wound is not serious.

Fourth: A day or two after the above, a black man named Mattox was shot dead at Hopewell Factory by a white man. The quarrel grew out of an accusation that Mattox had thrown some peach-stones at a boy—a relation of the man who perpetrated the killing. There are different reports of the affair. The mostcorrect is that the negro gave the white man the lie, and upon repeating it was shot.

Four cases of shooting negroes, in one month, in one small county!

REVERDY JOHNSON IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, Sept. 5th, 1868.

I HOPE that Mr. Sumner and other Radicals who voted for the confirmation of Mr. Reverdy Johnson begin to understand the mischief they did. In advance of any nomination I wrote that if a Conservative were sent over here, the true sentiment of America would be misrepresented. But I own that I did not expect to see even Mr. Reverdy Johnson begin his career by publicly fraternizing with two of the bitterest enemies of his country. He went on Thursday from London to Sheffield—after Liverpool and Southampton, the strongest anti-American towns in England—to sit at the feast of the Cutlers' Company. He there met two men whose names America has cause to detest. One was Lord Wharncliffe, during the war, President of what was called the Southern Association—an organization of blockade-runners and Anglo-Rebel pirates; and Mr. Reverdy Johnson tells us that the name of Lord Wharncliffe ought to be dear to Americans "under any circumstances." On the other hand of the American Minister was Mr. Roebuck, the most unscrupulous and unrelenting enemy of America in all England. No man, perhaps not all the Anglo-Rebels together, uttered during the war so many insolent calumnies against the Union and its leaders as Mr. Roebuck. He has never retracted one of them. Yet Mr. Roebuck is the man whom Mr. Reverdy Johnson, at the beginning of his mission, goes 200 miles to meet at dinner, whom he takes by the hand, and whose anger against America he strives to deprecate by humiliating entreaties. Mr. Roebuck refused to be conciliated by the prostration of the Embassador of the country he hates. He replied by a speech full of his old rancor. It is difficult to say whether his language was more offensive to Americans in general, or to the individual guest who sat by his side. Mr. Reverdy Johnson has been all his life a politician. Mr. Roebuck informs him that America is the feculent refuge of the vice and turbulence of Europe—of the wild Irishman, the fiery Frenchman, the assassinating Italian, and the dumb-founded Spaniard; that no educated American has anything to do with politics; that in America political affairs are in the hands of the "bucaneering portion of society." I need not quote other expressions equally gross. On the following day, Mr. Johnson had to reply to an address from the Cutlers' Company—the same Company which on the evening before, had permitted him, as their guest, to be insulted by Mr. Roebuck. Most Americans will think that after the sample of Sheffield hospitality supplied to Mr. Johnson the night before, he would have done well to decline further civilities. The best reply to Mr. Roebuck's impertinence would have been silence. Mr. Reverdy Johnson was never remarkable at home for his practice of the more elevated Christian virtues. On his passage out he seems to have occupied his leisure with a perusal of the New Testament. Its doctrines probably struck him as novel, and his curiosity to see how they would work in actual life led him to make an experiment in England. Being smitten by Mr. Roebuck on one cheek, he turns to him the other. Described by Mr. Roebuck as one of a feculent rabble of bucaneers, he retorts by appealing to him as his "friend." In defence of his country he suggests that there are as bad people in England as in the United States, and makes the astounding remark that whatever vice and ignorance are imported into the United States they have "*no influence* upon the general character of our people, or the security, and just and enlightened administration of our Governments, Federal or State!"

I am not for keeping old sores open! I think we ought to be friends with England, but there are Englishmen, and Mr. Roebuck is one of them, whose hands no loyal American can touch. They must be excepted out of the amnesty. Still less ca

it be pardoned to an American Minister, that as the representative of his country he should seek out these men, and do homage to them. Aside from what I have criticised, there were good passages in Mr. Johnson's speech. It is creditable to him as a Marylander to have said what he did about Slavery, and, as Minister, what he said about peace, and kindly relations between the two countries. But there will be plenty of people to praise him for that—few to criticise and condemn him for what was undignified and discreditable. I fear there may be still fewer to understand and resent the sort of injury which Mr. Reverdy Johnson, as a Democrat, or Conservative, or whatever he calls himself, does, and will continually do, in England. His view of home affairs is wide apart from that of the Radical Senators who confirmed him. The more honestly he holds these views the greater harm he will do by presenting them as an authoritative statement of American opinions. Our friends here are ready to receive any American, and especially an American Minister, with good will. As Mr. Johnson comes, backed by the approval of a Republican Senate, how is an English Liberal to understand that he will be fatally misled if he accepts Mr. Johnson's views of American politics? No diplomacy can do so much good, as a misunderstanding between the Liberal parties here and there will do harm, and that is why I urge once more that Mr. Johnson's confirmation was a deplorable mistake that ought to be set right at the earliest moment—that is, as soon as President Grant can make a new nomination. And I beg Mr. Sumner and those who followed his lead in the Senate, to reconsider their opinions by the light of this week's events!—*George W. Smalley, London Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1868.

PREMIUMS.

We continue to offer to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6); either of the following very desirable books:

Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters," 562 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.

Lydia Maria Child's Romance of the Republic, 442 pages—price $2.50.

Caroline H. Dall's "College, Market and Court, 498 pages—price $2.50.

Mr. Edward M. Davis, No. 333 Walnut street, Philadelphia, consents, for a time, to act as General Agent of the Pennsylvania State Anti-Slavery Society; and to receive and forward, from Philadelphia and vicinity, subscriptions, and advertisements for The Standard.

Pledges.—Friends owing pledges to the treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society are reminded that they are now due. Remittances in payment of pledges or donations in aid of the Society, may be sent to Richard P. Hallowell, Treasurer, No. 98 Federal street, Boston, Mass., or to A. M. Powell, office of The Standard, No. 39 Nassau street, New York.

SPECIAL PREMIUM.

We will send post-paid, to any one renewing a subscription for The Standard and sending one new subscriber ($6); or remitting for two new subscribers ($6), a copy of Anna E. Dickinson's new book, 301 pages, just issued by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, entitled "What Answer?" As with her voice, so with her pen, Miss Dickinson pleads eloquently the cause of the still oppressed colored people. The story is one of thrilling interest, characterized by a noble purpose and high moral tone. It deserves, and will doubtless achieve, a wide circulation. Our premium offer puts it within easy reach of thousands.

OUR DUTY.

In 1864, when *Lincoln* was renominated, we made an earnest effort to rally a third party on a more radical platform. We rejoice that we made the effort, and still esteem it evidence of wise patriotism. The re-election of Mr. *Lincoln* was a grave mistake; from the worst consequences of which a kind Providence saved us by his death.

Our effort and protest in 1864 were vain. As useless and vain now it seems to us, would be any effort to organize a third party. And there are some reasons which render it largely, if not wholly, unnecessary. In 1864 the masses were not by any means alive to the duty of the hour. *Ready* for any step, they had no definite idea what step was needed. Further, they leaned with far too much trust on Mr. *Lincoln's* supposed statesmanship and honesty.

Now the case is different. The people have been largely educated to the Nation's necessity and duty, and do not even affect to put off any share of it on the shoulders of *Grant*, or fancy that he can or will lead anybody, or in anything. They see in him a tool not a leader.

Faulty and defective as the Republican party is, still it holds in its hands our only chance of safety. It is a party without principles or leaders. Its selfish men cannot lead it; and its honest men will not follow. But, spite of all this, it either has within its ranks, or represents, the loyal masses of the Nation. They have chosen it for their instrument. Success, if it come at all, during this generation, must come through its help. Whether one half the legitimate results of the war shall be lost or saved depends on this Presidential election.

Our latest criticism on the Republican party is that they, by sheer incapacity, have put the Nation into unnecessary peril. When the impeachment failed, it was madness to go on and admit the rebel States to their old places. Without land, without arms; with but little organization, the loyal vote lies at the mercy of rebels. Go to Lowell and announce that whoever votes the Democratic ticket will be discharged from the mills, how many will risk suffering to support their principles? The negro not only risks starvation, but walks to the ballot-box with a pistol at his breast. If in such circumstances he stands by the flag we shall henceforth maintain that the black race is superior to our own—there is no page in American or English history which records a civil right maintained *by the masses* under such fearful conditions. Congress betrayed its trust when it subjected the Nation to such peril. The members proved themselves thoroughly incapable or dishonest, when they adjourned in the presence of such a danger.

Still the heart of the Nation beats in the Republican party and every loyal man must hope and work for its success in this canvass.

We have little confidence in Grant. The best thing about him is that he seems desirous to execute the Nation's will. He is no traitor like Johnson, neither has he any statesmanlike comprehension of the hour. We fear he belongs more to *Morgan, Conklin and Howard* than to *Sumner and Wade*. He was drunk in the public streets since the first day of January. This is a fact as patent as the sun at noonday; none but those too dishonest to be trusted with public journals, (bats passing themselves off for owls,) deny it. He is a West Point graduate with his sympathies all in the wrong direction. He has just been through a war which was God's command to one race to do justice to another—a war whose root was slavery and whose fruit was Freedom. Yet of the half dozen catch-words that the Nation has extorted from his lips, not one has any relation to Liberty. The mottoes he has lent to politics, or history, are such as a bulldog might have growled forth. A Nation battling for an idea takes for its leader a man confessedly destitute of ideas. A stout soldier, an honest administrative officer—but had the Nation been made up of *Grants* there never would have been an Anti-Slavery enterprise, an Emancipation proclamation, any "North" or any "South." France might as well have taken *Murat* for her *Napoleon*, or England put *Roebuck* in *Peel's* place. Our KingLog is not imposed upon us, we select him ourselves.

Nevertheless he is but a shallow and short-sighted critic who sees only *Grant* before him. Grant is only the almost invisible point of the broad, and every day broadening, mass of purpose and resolve and necessity behind him. Though the Nation has not been lifted to the full comprehension of its own work, it builds determinately, by instinct, as it were. It cannot comprehend, much more accept, a principle. It gropes, half in light, half in darkness; has found out Fessenden's incapacity but still hugs the delusion of his honesty. Like Milton's lion it has not wholly emerged into shape or freed "its hinderparts." But its *purpose* is clear and full—over no matter what obstacles, by sacrificing no matter how many prejudices, it will put beyond contingency THE NATION—and leave it nothing to blush for when it stands in the sisterhood of Christendom.

We must accept the hour not force it. *Grant's* election means progress. We hope it means the iron hand of a just government laid relentlessly on rebels. We hoped to see at last a lover of liberty in the White House, one who loved and understood what Lincoln only submitted to. If we cannot have that, give us at least a *constable* who will remorselessly execute the laws. Ten days after such a will is recognized at the White House, Wade Hampton, Alexander Stephens, Forrest, Tombs, Cobb and Seymour will slink like whipped spaniels to their kennels. Grant's friends understand so little the epoch they live in that their most lavish falsehood never claims for him any thing which fits him for a leader in such an hour. Pope said:

> "Feign what crime you will—and paint it o'er so strong,
> Some rising genius sins up to your song."

But *Grant's* friends have not fancy and understanding of the hour enough to lie him up to its need. But let him show in the White House even the wholesome camp discipline they claim for him, and by the first day of next April a negro will walk a hundred miles, even in Kentucky, to find enough specimens of Ku-Klux to furnish the museums of the curious. All this blood and rage is the child of cowardice, and will vanish quickly into thin air, as it did in New Orleans when the grim and resolute Yankee laid his unfaltering hand on the helm. None so thorough coward as the bully.

Hence we hail Maine and Vermont as day stars of hope, and pray that other States may come up and better the instruction.

The immediate issue now, as in 1861, is whether the *Nation shall survive*. Seymour's success means another chance for secession. *Grant's* election melts the millions into one indissoluble whole; *calling us to stamp on it what legend God wills*. As in 1861, the Nation now can be saved only as a Nation of justice and liberty. To his amazement *Lincoln* found himself the Emancipator of the slave. To his equal amazement *Grant* will find himself borne up and on to be the shield of the negro. We said, in November 1860, "for the first time in our history the *slave* has elected a President." The first day of January, 1863, justified the assertion. If, which may God grant, this November sends Grant to the White House, we shall say "the *negro* has elected his President"—may the future justify us as amply.

Wendell Phillips.

OUR RELIGIOUS DUTIES.

There are certain honest and earnest people who seem to think that, although religion ought certainly to influence and regulate the daily business of life, the essence of religion, after all, consists in assiduity in prayer, Bible-reading and church-going; and they measure a man's "piety," (meaning by that his religious character), more by his use of and apparent relish for these three exercises than by all other parts of his life and conversation put together. These people would certainly not think Roger Wildrake's profligate life counterbalanced by his habit of pulling off his hat whenever he passed a church; and they would have no sympathy with the man who said, in reply to a pious exhortation addressed to him in business hours, "There are certain subjects that ought not to be spoken of nor thought of except on Sunday." And yet it is very doubtful if the second of these classes would be in existence at all, if the first class had not so devoted themselves to the exaltation of ceremonial observance, and taught the community to seek there the chief evidence of religious character. Extremes meet; and just at this point the ritualist, the devout dissenter, and the worldling who thinks an appearance of religion will help his prospects in life, all touch each other.

The average Connecticut deacon does not in the least believe the doctrine that religion should be reserved for Sundays. Perhaps, while you are negociating a business transaction with him, he is really seeking a good opportunity to throw in a suggestion about "the one thing needful," or an invitation to attend the morning prayer-meeting. But if you take the initiative and urge upon him the religious duty of working to secure the ballot to to the colored people in that State, he will be genuinely surprised at your putting those two things together; he will feel sure that you are an unregenerate person, holding such a view of the function of religion; and he will probably also regard you as a fanatical person, seeking to drag down religion into the mire of politics. And yet this man is familiar with the New Testament, and can repeat by rote the parable of the good Samaritan, and remembers perfectly what Jesus said about the true test of love for him being a relief of the necessities of the least of his brethren. Only, the church has taught him to apply these precepts differently. "Brethren," as he understands it, are "members of the household of faith;" and "standing up for Jesus" is something to be done in the prayer-meeting; and the relief *religiously* due to the necessitous is a relief of their bodily wants, not a maintenance of their political rights; the word "rights" is not once found in the Bible!

If a man is better than a sheep, as Jesus says, it is because he is higher in the the scale of being; has a superior nature, loftier powers, grander possibilities; has rights, duties and destiny on a larger scale; and men owe to one another the recognition of this higher nature, and help towards the practical development of it, as a *religious* duty, in many ways besides the bestowal of bread and flannel for the body, and prayers and tracts for the soul. Human brotherhood is not a mere theory, but a serious reality, imposing serious duties. Other men, all men, were placed on this earth for the same reasons that we were placed here, to commence a career of development and progress, to learn wisdom by experience, and to suffer the consequences of wrong-doing in themselves and others until they apply themselves earnestly to the removal of wrong, evil and suffering, wherever these occur within their reach. Surely, man was not placed in this world merely to learn the right way of going out of it. Our duty includes effort for the removal of wrong and the establishment of right everywhere in the sphere wherein our action is available. The man who does most of this, plays his part best in this world; the man who is content to save his own pitiful soul, without trying or wishing to do anything more, belongs with the selfish and miserly class, and must have his residence with them in any future world where men are classified according to character.

Now, one of the *great* vices, wrongs, evils, of our society, one that pervades this whole country, and that every man finds within his reach, and capable of being modified according to his measure of influence, is the undervaluing of black men on account of their color or race, and the disposition, for this reason only, to keep them from equal participation in the gratifications and advantages of life. Because they are black, they are to be kept under, snubbed, checked, discouraged, forbidden to exceed the limits that we, the majority, assign to them. The church and "the world" were so thoroughly agreed in teaching this lesson up to 1861, that even the "military necessity" which has since compelled a change of tactics has only diminished the feeling and its manifestation, not removed them. That current must needs have been deep and strong which was impelled by the co-operative action of Church and State, the Board of Trade and the Bible Society, the Press and the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the circles of fashion and the Young Men's Christian Associations. And so it has come to pass that, in spite of the Act of Emancipation and the measure of improvement resulting from it, the detestable *caste*-prejudice still lingers among us, and still exercises a baleful power over our religion, our politics and our social life.

Is there any line of action, any exercise of influence, coming more legitimately under the head of religious duty than the opposition to this enforcement of *caste* distinctions among us? The Christian is bound to resist it for the sake of his Master and his brethren, for the honor of his faith, for the purification of his church, for the love of God and the welfare of men. North and South the negro is still oppressed, unjustly treated, so looked upon and dealt with as to present in open day a practical denial of the Bible doctrine that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men." The Christian's duty, *as a Christian*, is to set his face against this practical infidelity, to take his place as a brother by the side of the persecuted one, to do for his necessities, under the new dispensation, at least as much as the good Samaritan did for those of a foreigner and an alien under the old. If he does not "stand up for Jesus" by relieving the man of sorrows who comes to him in a black skin, he is grossly self-deluded in supposing that he would not have denied with Peter and betrayed with Judas. "The least of these my brethren" has its manifest meaning now, not less than then; and the concession to the black man of *his rights*, whatever these may be, is as plainly our duty to him now as was ever the duty of giving bread to the hungry or clothes to the naked.

How to do this needful work for the colored people of your own State and the United States? Their necessities are so many and so various as to be importunately obvious rather than difficult of discovery: but the first, plainest, most manifest way of righting the wrongs of these unfortunates is to put them in a position to help themselves. Raise your voice for the allowance to them of equal rights with others. Call for the removal of unjust discrimination against them from the laws and customs. See that black children have equal opportunities with others in the school-house and the play-ground, and black women in the meeting-house and the dwelling-house, and black men in the work-shop and at the polls. Be as assidious and as outspoken in the condemnation of *caste* in America as you require your missionaries to be in India. Let your example go with your voice in the reproof of this detestable vice, the spawn of slavery. Let the position of public men in regard to this point be the *main* element in your decision whether to elect or re-elect them; and be sure that the pernicious influence of slavery will cling to our religion as to our politics, until every vestige of opprobrium and disqualification on account of color shall have disappeared from our land.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Congress reassembled at Washington at noon on Monday last, and remained in session one hour and ten minutes, long enough to pass the following resolution:

> *Resolved by the Senate, the House of Representatives concurring,* That the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives do adjourn their respective Houses until 12 o'clock at noon of the 16th day of October, 1868; and that they then, unless otherwise ordered by the two Houses, further adjourn their respective Houses until the 10th day of November, 1868, at 12 o'clock noon; and they then, unless otherwise ordered further adjourn their respective Houses to the first Monday of December 1868, at 12 o'clock noon.

To meet and provide for other meetings, in an emergency, before the regular meeting in December is the least that could possibly have been done with a show of safety, while the Chief of the Ku-Klux is allowed to remain in the White House. We greatly regret that the whole duty of to-day might not however have been discharged. It was in the power of members of Congress by straightforward, manly and united action, such as we urged last week, to have dispelled within ten or twenty days, the clouds of impending danger which now overshadow and disturb the country. In postponing the paramount duty of the hour, even for so urgent a call as that of the pending political canvass, members of Congress must share with Mr. Johnson, the responsibility for the murders and outrages to which the unprotected loyalists, white and colored, of the South, are left exposed.

The New York *Times* very pertinently says:

"The proposed exclusion of the freedman from the jury-box reveals more plainly than the expulsion of the colored members from the Legislature, the animus and aim of the Southern Democracy. Denial of eligibility to political station, in the circumstances of Georgia, is an outrage of which at its earliest convenience Congress must take cognizance; but its bearing upon the security and well-being of the colored people is trivial compared with the movement to deny them equal protection in the administration of the laws. Take from them the privilege of sharing with the whites the duties of jurors, and from that moment they will become helpless dependents upon the caprice of those who would fain reduce them to bondage. To say that they shall not be permitted to assist in adjudicating upon cases in which their own race may be most deeply interested, is to declare that they shall have no protection against violence and wrong. The black man is to be tried by whites for any offence with which he may be charged; but in determining the guilt or innocence of white men arraigned for the robbery and murder of blacks, they are to have no voice. If this purpose be fulfilled, as doubtless it will be, the atrocities which rebel whites are perpetrating upon freedmen and their families will go unpunished. And in this circumstance we have the best possible illustration of Democratic insincerity in regard to the colored people."

We congratulate the *Times* upon its improved tone, and the better quality of service it has rendered of late as compared with a few months ago.

The new rebellion in Georgia continues to assume more formidable proportions. The colored people denied representation in the Legislature, and ruled out of the jury box, are to be overawed, and if possible kept from the ballot-box, preliminary to their practical re-enslavement. One serious riot has already occured, the colored people of course being the severest sufferers, and other outbreaks are imminent. Whatever political effect the courtesy of sundry white "Rebel Democrats" at recent barbecues may have had upon the negroes, it is in a fair way to be dissipated.

The World, when journeymen printers failed it, was helped out of its trouble by the labor of women compositors. With unpardonable meanness and ingratitude it now slanders those to whom it is indebted, and injures the cause of the working women generally, by proclaiming women incapable of work which they have skillfully performed in its own office.

The Radical Club, of Boston, will, we are glad to learn, resume its regular meetings again next month. The first meeting, it is expected will be held in Mrs. Sargent's parlors, on the third Monday in October. We shall hope for additional sketches of the very interesting proceedings of the Club, from the pen of our Boston Correspondent.

A WORD TO VOTERS.

Yesterday the thumping of drums and the explosion of gunpowder announced to my ears that a flag was being thrown across the road, bearing the inscription, "Seymour and Blair, the People's Choice." Clam-chowder and drinkables were provided for those who were ready to swear allegiance to the banner, and to some minds potations and patriotism were one and same thing. To me there is something sad and humiliating in these processes of political galvanizing, carried on with so much activity and noise whenever a Presidential election occurs. Doubtless the popular mind, naturally inclined to drowsiness about public affairs, gets more or less educated by being sufficiently waked up to listen and argue. The education for good would be very rapid, if political leaders would state the truth, or even have sufficient honesty to refrain from asserting and reiterating what they know to be false. But when I see unscrupulous jugglers playing their adroit game of false appearances before ignorant and credulous masses of people, I shudder to think how the welfare, and even the very existence of the Republic is endangered by their selfish trickery. In an adjoining town, a Seymour and Blair flag is floating, headed by the inscription, "We go for *Principles* not *Men*." It would be a charitable conclusion that the Democratic Party had conscience enough left to be ashamed of the men they have nominated, and that they took this covert mode of shirking the responsibility of sustaining them. But no such favorable construction can be drawn from the antecedents of a party, which for years and years have been distinguished above all other time-servers by their zeal to aid in the oppression of the poor, and by their unscrupulous servility to the slave-holding aristocracy; blaspheming all the while with the sacred names of Freedom and Equality, thus "stealing the livery of Heaven to serve the Devil in."

No open, avowed wickedness can ever demoralize men, or parties, or nations, to such a degree, as the assumption of right principles to carry out wrong designs. This country, impudently flaunting her Declaration of Independence in the face of the world, while she legalized and upheld human slavery in its worst form, would have become the most corrupt nation upon earth, if her infamous career had not been arrested by the strong arm of the Almighty. And the party, which has always manifested a zealous readiness to sell, for messes of treasury pottage, the principles on which this Republic was founded, are now very consistently joining hands with rebels, assisting them to their utmost to render null and void all the terrible sufferings that were endured, and all the heroic sacrifices that were made, to rescue the Republic from the gulf of perdition into which they were plunging it.

This iniquitious alliance with brigands, who vaunting ly sustained might against right by the aid of scourges, pistols, and bowie-knives, naturally resulted in the assassination of President Lincoln; and there is no change in the spirit of Southern slaveholders or their Northern allies. A Democrat in Worcester recently said in the hearing of one of my friends, "It will make no great difference whether Grant is President or not. No matter how many Presidents the Republicans elect. Whoever they elect will soon be put out of the way."

I have great distaste for politics, as I have for all tortuous, slippery things. But if the law allowed me a vote, I confess conscience would upbraid me if I withheld it now. If Charles Sumner were the Republican candidate, reason and conscience would be carried to their work on the wings of strong enthusiasm. I would walk barefoot to California, though it should cripple me for life, if such a pilgrimage would insure his being President. But when nations choose their wisest and best to rule over them, the millenium will be at our very doors. A greater glory than the Presidency is in store for him; for History will record him as a statesman of far-seeing intellect, who never, through all changes of parties and policies, manifested the slightest obliquity of moral vision, or failed to walk courageously in the straight path of rectitude, which he so clearly discerned.

I suppose General Grant to be the best man that circumstances admit of being chosen; and his association with so upright a man as Mr. Colfax can not be otherwise than strengthening to all his good purposes and resolutions. He is apparently a very honest and unpretending man, and such characters, when they get into the right path, are likely to go steadily ahead, as Lincoln did. Moreover, he stands pledged by his position not to let the country lose the vantage-ground gained by the herculean labors of the civil war, and luckily there is no way to keep that vantage-ground except by a course of equal justice. Even if he were inclined to co-operate with the policy of the rebels, he could not do it without blotting out his own brilliant record, and making himself the scorn of the world. Whether he feels much sympathy with the emancipated slaves or not, he must needs protect them, or disgrace himself.

If, by any possible chance, Seymour should be elected, the loyal whites and blacks of the South will be bound hand and foot and delivered over to be slaughtered by their pitiless persecutors, who already stand knee-deep in their innocent blood; Mr. Seymour's "*friends*" in New York will feel emboldened to fresh outrages and massacres; the dishonest policy of repudiation will brand our country with everlasting disgrace, and by destroying confidence at home and abroad will unsettle all the foundations of business like the heavings of an earthquake.

In view of these dreadful possibilities, I am impelled to say, entreatingly and urgently, "Ye who give votes, prepare to give them now!" The same old enemy of freedom is bringing his battalions again into the field, none the less formidable for being armed with ballots instead of bullets. Let him be again signally defeated by "The Uprising of a Great People!"

This is the first electioneering article I ever wrote; and I presume you will believe me when I tell you I have not the slightest expectation of getting an office.

L. Maria Child.

PERSONAL.

Miss Rollins, a Charleston (colored) lady, has written a biography of Major Delaney. It is, in fact, an autobiography. Lee and Shepard publish it on the author's account. The Major was the first pure black ever commissioned in the United States army. He owed his elevation to the friendship of ex-Secretary Stanton.

Prof. Agassiz and his party are now at Denver, Colorado. A correspondent writes that the great naturalist is "fairly sweltering with enthusiasm." He finds abundant materials to sustain his glacial theory. "All Brazil was nothing to what he had seen of natural beauty and scientific revelation already in crossing the Plains."

Ralph Waldo Emerson about the middle of October will begin a course of six new lectures in Boston, on "Art," "Poetry and Criticism," "Doctrine of Leasts and Mosts," "Historical Notes of American Life and Letters," "Hospitality," and "How to Make Homes Attractive," and "Greatness." They will command choice audiences.

The Boston *Commonwealth* says:

"The New England Women's Club propose to have a series of evening entertainments, social and intellectual during the coming season, at which articles of interest are expected from Mr. R. W. Emerson, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mr. Henry James, and other distinguished literary persons. The club is quite prosperous. Their rooms in Tremont Place are quite convenient and very attractive."

George W. Smalley, in a London letter to *The Tribune*, says:

"Among the ladies who have claimed the right of suffrage in the new borough of Chelsea is Miss Frances Power Cobbe, authoress. Mr. Sidney Smith of the City of London Registration Society, has declared that overseers have no right to interpret an act of Parliament, but must put on the register the names of all persons—women or not—who are the occupiers of premises.

The Philadelphia *Morning Post* says:

"Mrs. F. E. W. Harper, whose eloquence and power of reasoning are well appreciated in Philadelphia, will visit England this winter, but for the next few months will lecture in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. She will read her beautiful poem of 'Moses' or deliver several new addresses, and we know of no one more capable than she of removing the prejudices against her race. In this campaign Mrs. Harper's aid will be valuable. Those wishing to engage her services should address her, care of Mr. William Still, 1216 Washington avenue."

The Springfield *Republican* says:

"The gossips are right at last in making a matrimonial connection for Speaker Colfax. He is 'engaged' to Miss Nellie Wade, a niece of Senator Wade, of Ohio, and one of the family party that accompanied the Speaker on his late trip to the Rocky Mountains. She is a sweet, sensible, accomplished lady of thirty years; an Ohio farmer's daughter. Her father, the brother of the Ohio Senator, died several years ago, and she spent part of the winter in Washington with her uncle two years since, when the acquaintance with Mr. Colfax and his family began."

Mrs. Phebe A. Hanaford, of Hingham, Mass., and Olympia Brown, of Weymouth, both of them ordained ministers, took part, two weeks since, in the ordination of Rev. William G. Haskell, at Marblehead. Mrs. Hanaford read the hymn, and read the Scriptures to the candidate; both ladies, with two male clergymen, performed the laying-on of hands, and Miss Brown made the concluding prayer. In delivering the charge Mrs. Hanaford described herself as "Phebe, servant of the church of Hingham," and declared it as her belief that "there is neither tribe, nor caste, nor sex in the religion of Jesus." As a whole, her charge is said to have been masterly, womanly, and impressive.

Miss Emily Peers, the present efficient forewoman of The Standard printing-office delivered an address on Monday evening last before a Working-Woman's Association, recently organized at 37 Park Row. Her theme was the "Amelioration of the Condition of Working-women." She urged united and persistent effort for the elevation, and better compensation of woman's work. She did not place a high value on the ballot as a source of immediate relief. Her address was warmly applauded. We think it well that working-women be not deluded with the idea that the ballot alone would prove a sovereign panacea for their wrongs; but we would have them claim it as a right, and as a needed and powerful auxiliary.

The Rebel party has its representatives at Harvard College. The Boston *Journal*, of September 20th says:

"There was quite an exciting time at the Assembly of the Law School at Harvard College last night, growing out of the attempt of George L. Ruffin, a colored member of the school, to join the Assembly under the first rule, which declares that 'any member of the school shall be of right a member of the Assembly upon signing the rules.' The Democrats attempted to prevent Ruffin from joining by first repealing this rule, but in this were defeated. They then offered a resolution declaring that the rule was not intended to admit colored persons. This was discussed at great length, and finally withdrawn, as its defeat was certain. Mr. Ruffin is, therefore a member of the 'Assembly.'"

George W. Taylor, of North Collins, Erie County, N. Y., writing of a recent visit of Sojourner Truth in that locality, says:

"Sojourner Truth held a meeting on the 6th inst. in Hemlock Hall (the 'North Collins Yearly Meeting grounds), which was largely attended, there being some six hundred persons present. Sojourner never had been in our vicinity before, and though evidently past her prime, her words are eloquent and touching still. She produced a singular effect upon the audience—melting away the prejudice of color and creed. We have seldom witnessed more marked results upon the *Soul* of an audience than was manifest upon the assembled multitude on that occasion.

"A great many bought her 'Shadow' as she termed her photograph, and a contribution of $9.00 was given her. At the close of the exercises Sojourner sang 'My Beautiful Home' in a steady, clear voice, which we know fell like a sacred baptism upon all hearts present.

"The Tuesday evening following, Sojourner lectured at Rosenburg School-house, near Gowanda, to a very good audience, and was loudly applauded when she touched upon the political situation. Other lectures were appointed for her during the week at Gowanda and Collins Centre.

"We hope other years may be added to her useful life, and that kind words and warm hearts may greet her wherever she may go."

Our Washington Correspondence.

Washington, D. C. September 22d, 1868.

There was not enough foresight in Republican representatives to bring them here. Fortunately, skillful legislative management secured an early recess—the only result that could be achieved. My respect for the Senate is improving. The impeachment treachery has certainly strengthened the back-bones of some, and anointed the mental sight of others. There was a quorum present.

From all I heard yesterday, the meeting in October will probably result in some legislation. It will be probably an attempt to lock the stable-door after the horse is stolen, or in other words it is more than probable that outbreaks of a formidable character will have occurred before then in the South. Most of the Southern members present yesterday feel tolerably confident that a Republican victory in October will greatly modify the spirit of violence now abroad. One of the most astounding developments of diabolical temper and passion is now manifesting itself in the South.

The majority are learning everywhere what wickedness slavery engenders, and how corrupt human nature must have become under its damning and damnable influences. The stories, authenticated ones too, which come here daily, are almost incredible in the wanton cruelty and fiendish murderousness they exhibit. Gentlemen from South Carolina and Arkansas say that they hourly expect outbreaks which will sweep everybody into the vortex of neighborhood war. Arms are going into South Carolina and other States in large numbers—so large as to make it seem impossible that they are purchased by private individuals, or even as it is supposed, by combinations of wealthy rebels who are believed to buy them for the masses. Gentlemen holding prominent positions in South Carolina, declare on their own authority and that of Gov. *Scott, that at least one hundred thousand, stand of rifles* have been sent into that State since the present canvass began. Men carry them openly, and the crack of the rifle is everywhere heard, the young men being in constant practice.

The editorial of Mr. Phillips last week came most opportunely, for inquiries were being made as to the management of Indian affairs. The sending of General Emory's 5th cavalry from Virginia and this vicinity to the Plains attracted considerable attention. From gentlemen well acquainted with Indian affairs, I am able to say that there is in reality no emergency which required the presence of the 5th cavalry. General Sherman's telegam to Governor Hunt of Colorado announces that the Arapahoes have surrendered to Sheridan. The Cheyennes, or "Dog Soldiers," are the only ones at war. To meet them, this administration desires to make the people think, requires more soldiers. General Sherman has in his military division *fifteen thousand men.* These occupy the country east of the Rocky Mountains, and New Mexico from the Sas katchewan in the north to the Red River in the south. Halleck's division, that of the Pacific, has seven or eight thousand of our best troops within its limits. Andrew Johnson proposes to send more from the South, after having delayed in the payment of the money appropriated and necessary to carry out the Peace Commission pledges to the Indians. Gen. Augur, to whom Sherman sent the first money was enabled with it to remove the Sioux to their new homes north of the North Platte. The Cheyennes have been badly used. They are paying for this broken faith in the only way Indians know of. The appropriations passed Congress on the last days in July, and were delayed by McCulloch until the 28th of August, but not all paid then.

Asmodeus.

Our Boston Correspondence.

Boston, September 21st, 1868.

When the faction here and now called, the Democracy is pushed to the wall and driven to desperate straits, as at present, its instincts of oppression and brutality come into full play, and it relies upon these for success, laying by for the time those outside appearances of decency which are ordinarily thought needful. This manner of judging and acting of course spreads from adult politicians to their children, and the papers tell us that in Springfield in this State, a boy who in answer to his playmate's question declared himself Republican in feeling, was set upon by the juvenile Democratic querist, and so severely beaten as to produce a serious injury to the spine, resulting in the boy's death. But the chief objects of Democratic persecution are the colored people, and some marked instances of it have lately occurred here.

Only last week, as a respectable colored man employed at a store in East Cambridge was returning to his home in Boston, he was violently assailed by three men on the pretence (proved utterly false by competent testimony) that he had crowded them on the sidewalk. Defending himself as well as he could against such odds, the assaulted man Mr. Peter Harris, was at last obliged to take refuge in a passing horse-car. "A well-known Democratic politician," says the *Journal*, "proposed to put him off, and submit the victim once more to the tender mercies of a Democratic grand rally," the assailing roughs having been joined by certain coal-heavers of the neighborhood. Some Republican passengers interposed to protect the negro and paid his fare, and the end of the business was that the three assailants were brought on Saturday before the Police Court, fined three dollars and costs each, and bound in two hundred dollars to keep the peace six months.

This happened in East Cambridge. But about the same time some Democratic *gentlemen* in Old Cambridge, members of the Law School of Harvard University, were working after their manner in the same direction. Mr. George L. Ruffin, a colored member of that school, proposed to join "The Assembly," the first rule of which says that "any member of the School shall be of right a member of the Assembly upon signing the rules." The Assembly is a Society established for practice in pleading, where "moot courts" are held, and arguments conducted on both sides of any subject agreed on. The Democratic members of the Assembly united to prevent Mr. Ruffin from joining. They first attempted to repeal the first rule, but being defeated in that, they offered and advocated a resolution that this rule was not intended to apply to colored persons. The extended discussion of this resolution showed that its defeat was certain, and it was therefore withdrawn, and Mr. Ruffin became regularly a member of the Assembly; but partisan Democracy must bear the disgrace of this attempt of "liberally educated" men to enforce *caste* distinctions in their own circle, in utter disregard of law and justice.

The late eminent Dr. James Jackson having occasion, in a lecture, to speak of vulgar prejudices, added, by way of explanation, "You know, gentlemen, that some vulgar people live in fine houses." I could not but think of this description this morning, when, after glancing over the columns of George Lunt's *Sunday Courier*, filled with malignant abuse of the colored people, and misrepresentation of their characters, dispositions, habits and capacities, North and South, I saw in the streets the latest pictorial advertisements of Morris Brothers' burlesque opera house. The artist of this establishment—for it keeps an artist, as the proprietor of Warren's Blacking kept a poet, for advertising purposes—seems to wish to excite laughter, and does his little best to produce it. He seems, however, never to have reached the conception of the ludicrous, and his efforts at pictorial expression of the burlesque are absurd monstrosities. This particular company, in which white men black their faces to raise a laugh by assuming, that style of look, dress and conduct which the advocates of slavery have always tried to represent as naturally belonging to the negro, depended from the beginning upon this sort of representation for a living; but just now, when those profligate politicians who cheated the colored soldiers out of their pay are trying also to cheat them out of their vote, the chief dauber of the burlesque opera house adds his mite to their work, and shows the *animus* of his employers by making absurd figures of black men *as soldiers*. I know not whether the actors in this establishment succeed in making themselves look like the figures on their colored posters, but if so, the exhibition must be somewhat dreary.

North.

UNIVERSAL REPUBLICAN ALLIANCE.

New York, Sept. 12th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

Sir: As agent here of the Universal Republican Alliance, may I ask your insertion of the following translation of a letter by Joseph Mazzini on the present situation of the Polish Question. The letter is published by order of the Polish Republican Centre at Basle.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,

W. J. Linton.

MAZZINI ON THE POLISH QUESTION.

Brothers:—Having observed that, in the crisis which is preparing in the East, many Poles are setting out on a false path, allow me, through your means, to address a few words to your compatriots.

Poles! In order not to be deceived, you have but to consult the blood which flows in your veins, your national traditions, and the mission to which God summons you, and which can alone now give a name and victory to the Polish nation.

During two centuries and a half you have fought against the Crescent. For two centuries and a half—from Ladislaus VI. to Augustus II.—you have been the shield of Europe against Islamism, the defenders of the dogma of Liberty, our common life, against the dogma of the old Eastern fatalism. Poland has continued the work of Greece; the battles of the Morava, Choczim, and Vienna have continued Marathon and Salamis. This is why the name of Poland is a sacred name. This is why, as with Greece, Poland will revive, spite of all.

The blood which flows in your veins is Sclave. You are brothers of the men who inhabit and claim for themselves the soil, by them made fertile, of Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Servia. These men, these Sclaves, will rise one of these days in the name of the Right which you invoke—in the name of traditions which are yours—of a life for which the time is come, and of which you yourselves ought to be the armed apostles—"the life of the Sclave nations." Will you march against them? Will you fight for the Crescent against the Cross, for fatalism against liberty, immobility against progress, fact against right, foreign conquest against the rights of national labor—for Asia against Europe? Will you sacrifice the cradle to the tomb? This cradle is yours also, and it is in protecting the young life struggling therein that you will conquer in future your claim to existence. You will revive again as a member of the third great European family. Poland will be the eldest daughter of the common mother whom we call Sclavonia, or she will be nothing.

We walk painfully through the sorrows and the pains inseparable from a strong birth towards a new epoch. At each new epoch history shows us a new element

working in the breast of each nation—another element revealing and strengthening itself in nations already established, and joining its life to theirs. This double sign exists to-day: on one side the people—the working classes, the operatives; on the other, the Sclave family of nations claiming their franchise in the European association.

In this double phenomenon lies the law of your life. The first conducts you logically, like all of us, to a Republic; the second points out your part in the East and elsewhere.

I know that there are men among you who are frightened at what is called Panslavism. They see the hand of the Czar in it, and that is enough to make them oppose it. They know that the Russia of the Czar aims at Constantinople, and they believe they are serving the cause of Poland in devoting themselves to the Sultan's defence.

These men are mistaken: they are antagonistic to the spirit of the future; they oppose the Czarism, a galvanized corpse, instead of opposing to it a life which alone is powerful, and so do the work of that diplomacy which laid Poland in the grave.

I do not fear Panslavism, which is a nightmare raised by the European Governments to authorise them to stifle legitimate aspirations. An empire, stretching from the Eastern Dwina and the North Sea to the western frontiers of Germany and the southern seas, is an impossibility to-day. Four distinct groups—Polish, Russian, Tchek, and Illyrian—marked out beforehand by geographical positions, special tendencies, and historical traditions, will probably divide the seventy-nine millions of Sclaves who aspire to be constituted on a normal basis. In the same manner, as between the branches of the Greco-Latin family and those of the Teutonic family, there will be fraternal sympathy, a moral bond, and a natural and really cordial understanding between these groups, but no political unity. And their life, begun in the name of Right, will not, I feel confident, belong to Czarism: its name will be Liberty.

The actual strength of Czarism is not in the Panslavist idea; that is unrealisable, and they know it at St. Petersburg. It lies in a superstitious devotion of the populations of European Turkey for Russia: these peoples wish for themselves what Russia covets. It lies in the false policy of European Governments and in the indifference with which Democracy till now has treated the solution of the immense problem—now more and more imperative in the East.

Every time these peoples are agitated—each time that the attempt to vindicate a right or a territory—while monarchical Europe says "No," and Democracy is silent, then, abandoned, repulsed, and menaced they lend an ear to the Czar, who tells them, "I am the enemy of the Turk; sooner or later I shall fight him." It is then we who are laboring to throw these peoples into the Czar's arms.

The day when Europe shall say to the European and Christian populations of the Asiatic and Mahometan Turkish empire, "We recognise your rights; we sympathise with your future, but we must guard ourselves against the Muscovite usurpation which would destroy all balance between the Czar and us. We must be guaranteed against this and our guarantee can only be in your strength. Be, then, strong for union. Every time that an isolated movement takes place among you, we see danger for ourselves, for your weakness will be an incitement to Russia. Close up your ranks. Overcome traditional prejudices, whose causes no longer exist. Rest the basis of an alliance between Sclaves, Greeks, and Romans in a confederation which shall have Constantinople for its centre—a free amphictryonic town, not belonging exclusively to any one of you. Show yourselves, with the certainty of your sucess, a new strong barrier raised against the projects of the Czar, and we will support your movement." On this same day Panslavism will vanish like a dream before reality.

This language should be yours: the aim it expresses—to establish a solid practical understanding between these three races who divide Eastern Europe, and to support by word and deeds their emancipation from the supremacy of their Asiatic invaders—is the only aim worthy of you, the only one which your traditions and your faith command. In supporting the Turk, you abdicate to-day your right to independence; and to-morrow, when you are compelled to the fire upon the Sclaves, your nationality.

Your mission in the East is, moreover, only a part of your general mission. The times are ripe for the Sclaves: their national advent will be an important fact of this century. The Czar knows it, and that is why he tries, as monarchy has done in Italy and Germany, to avail himself of a movement which would else pursue a course hostile to Czarism. Poles! it is your part to baffle him by occupying his position.

Place yourselves resolutely in the vanguard of the Sclave movement: be the chiefs of the Crusade. The Republic alone can kill Panslavism. Republicans as were your fathers, but with the enlarged Republican ideas such as the present times, and the long martyrdom of your people call for, raise your standard, "God and Liberty for all your brethren!"

Repulse all royal suggestions—every promise coming from an established government. They have always deceived you—they will deceive you again. Count only on yourselves—on the holiness of your mission, and on the peoples who understand it, and follow an aim analogous to yours.

"The cradle of the Sclave spirit," as your poet Mickiewicz said to the College of France, "can be found nowhere but in the midst of a people who amongst the Sclavonic races has suffered the most, has touched Europe most nearly, which owes the most to Europe, and which has served Europe the most." You are this people. Recognize this fact, and be the guides of Sclave thought, as your poets have been its prophets. In that lies your and our welfare.

London, 1868. JOSEPH MAZZINI.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

A DISCOURSE BY REV. ROBERT COLLYER, OF CHICAGO.

Preached in Faneuil Hall, Boston, Sunday afternoon, August 30th, 1868.

Genesis 1: 27.—"So GOD CREATED MAN IN HIS OWN IMAGE; 'MALE AND FEMALE CREATED HE THEM."

THE book out of which I have taken the text is, clearly, constructed, or "edited," as we should say now, from some older records, or fragments of records, that are probably hopelessly lost. The first of the fragments, being that in which this passage I have read occurs, reaches as far as the third verse in the second chapter, and relates, as you know, to the creation of the world and of man and woman. But the second fragment, beginning, the critics say, at the fourth verse of the second chapter, and reaching to the sixteenth verse of the fourth chapter, gives another account of the creation of the man, and especially of the *woman*, saying, "The Lord caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept; and he took one of his ribs," "and the rib made he a woman, and brought her unto the man."

I mention this fact of the two statements first, because it never seems to have occured to the vast majority of men that there is more than one, but they always remember that it is the later and evidently lower narrative, deformed as I think, by this unnatural and in no sense divine expedient of the rib. "Out of the rib he made a woman and *gave* her to man." That is what we can all recite and remember on all occasions; while we clean forget this earlier, more simple and nobler conception, in which the very statement, as it stands, without a single word of comment or argument, is the most perfect revelation that can be made of this mystery of the human and divine relation together, as well as an invaluable proof of the oldest conviction of the race on what we call the "Woman Question." It is not a woman question at all, says this ancient inspiration, but a man-*and*-woman question together. God made the man and woman alike "in his own image"—*he*-man and *she*-man, this most ancient tongue literally expresses it—not master and menial, or possessor and possesion, any more than the right eye is master of the left, or the left hand possesses the right, or in music the bass notes possess the soprano to master them, or in the heavens differing stars of equal glory and power possess each other's spheres. Both stars are alike needed in the full splendor of the sky; both eyes and both hands in the forces; and both notes in the psalm of life. So, too, God created man in his own image, male and female; and the man is no more without the woman than the woman is without the man, "in the Lord," says Paul.

Then this difference in the two great statements of the relation of the man and woman to each other—in which the oldest is the noblest and best—finds a parallel in the old records that are preserved to us of some other nations. You will remember Tacitus tells of the wonderful weight the woman had in the earliest times, among our own ancestors, in the forests and pastured-lands of Germany:—"Each man," the great Roman says, "Accounts his wife the most sacred witness and dearest eulogist of his valor. In the battle the wounded are carried to their mothers and sisters, who dress their hurts and care for them. The women carry refreshment to those engaged in the contest, and encourage them to fight on by their exhortations; and armies, when about to give way, have gone back into the contest because the women, rushing to the front, would bare their bosoms to the danger, dreading death less than to be taken prisoners; and they believe that the woman is the true prophet and the best counselor; so they will listen reverently to her advice and then follow it implicitly." In the old Sagas, again, which are in the form of war-songs—their histories, as our own ancestors wrote them—the woman always has her noble and apparently equal place, as if somehow they had read these words, "God created man in his own image, male and female," and had not read, "Out of the rib he made a woman and gave her to the man." She is great in her place, as man in his—rules, advices, determines, and sways, as one possessing a separate and personal power of her own, with the knowledge and will to use it. And rude and savage as they were altogether, if the man, for any provocation under the sun, should lift his hand in his brute strength against his wife to strike her, she could divorce from him, and did divorce him on the instant, took half the goods they had in common, and was free from him forever. It was the unpardonable sin for which there was no place for repentance.

I have felt I must ask you to remember this in saying anything at all to you on the man-and-woman question, because it involves that matter of the spirit and make of men that it is always of so very much more importance to consider than anything else when we try to get at the broader lights and shadows of their life. We belong by our descent to this race that, in the old days, had the instinct in its heart of giving a great place and power to the woman, as an equal factor in the sum of life. But our most sacred book (sacred to us for very sacred reasons) has in it two distinct elements and expressions on this matter, just as there are two distinct accounts of the creation in this book of Genesis. They run through the whole volume of the Old Testament, and are also visible in the New. And just as we remember only the second and lower account of our Creation, we seem only to remember the second and lower estimate of the woman; so that these things have got into the very grain of our religious ideas and teachings, and have pushed the religious world generally to the notable conclusion of the Westminster Catechism. "What is the chief end of man?" asks that document. "The chief end of man is to God." "And what is the chief end of woman?" "Woman's chief end is to *complete the man*"—a statement which, if we could possibly believe it in the sense of the woman's being the supplement and not the complement of the man—and the supplement theory is the one, men, I notice, generally lean to—would land us in the very curious conclusion that there are other creeds and religions beside the Mohammedan that give the woman but a very dim hope of heaven.

Now these distinct elements in our Bible are, first, the expression of the man-and-woman question by the man; and, second, the inspiration and life of it through the woman. We can all see at once, for instance, when we begin to read what is written, that, at least from the days of the Patriarchs, the woman in those countries was subject to a life that would be entirely intolerable (except among the Mormon fanatics) to a woman of our blood; and a life that is unspeakably lower than the place she occupies in the most primitive history of the Anglo-Saxon race. The man there is the possessor, and the woman the possession. The woman is the menial, and the man has the dominion and domineers, and the woman submits and suffers in silence. She is always an inferior and degraded being, compared with the man, through the whole of the Old Testament, except in that wonderful fragment that has somehow got into the book of Proverbs, in the last chapter, which is a standing contradiction to nearly all that is said about her through all Proverbs otherwise beside. Well, then, the writers of the books are the men that hold the women in this low estimate; and this is the *expression*, as I would call it, of their mind and nature. It is untrue, because the relation is unnatural and low for the same reason. And so Sarah, a woman of whom preachers often lecture as somehow a pattern of wifely and Christian virtue, has no wifely virtue on the record except that of the most degrading submission to her husband and master where no true woman would ever think of submitting, and is only a tyrant of another more unfortunate than herself; helpless where any true woman should be as strong as the foundations of heaven—strong where the best would be pitiful, perhaps, and kind. So Rebecca, again, is shown to us mainly as scheming to cheat her blind and helpless husband, and break up their home. And Job's wife has nothing to say to her's but "Curse God and die." Solomon and some others, the record states, were led away from the Lord by the woman. I have said before that it seems to me the woman in these instances was not half so much to blame as the man. In what the man has to say of his own estimate of woman, in the Old Testament, she is almost invariably satirized and scolded, and no chance to speak back, and tell her mind in return.

We all know, however, that there is another element in the Bible that I would call the inspiration and life of this question through the woman herself. She protests against what the man says in what she does. Miriam strikes a mighty song that is still sounding over the world, and that thrills and vibrates yet in human souls. Deborah in the old days of the Judges, dwells under the palm-trees, keeps the turbulent tribes quiet by the force of her genius for government, and inspires the man who conducts a revolution. How wonderful is that sacrifice of the daughter of Jeptha, the Judge, who sooner than her father shall break even a savage and baleful vow, asks just two months more of the life that was still so fair and good to her, and then dies, in her maiden purity content. And Ruth, so good and true; and Esther, so brave and high; and others, noble and great, I may not stop to name. With the man's estimate goes the woman's inspiration, page by page, through all the ancient books. "Out of the rib he made a woman and gave her to the man," the man seems always to be saying in his expression; but the woman in her inspiration says, "God created man in his own image, male and female." And it never seems to have occurred to these men that if the woman could sing with Miriam, and govern with Deborah, and be as true as Ruth, and yet withal as brave as Esther, perhaps it would be as well to alter the general estimate and try to get a new verdict more in accordance with their own oldest Scriptures of her true place in life. But there they put her; and there, so far as they are concerned, she stays.

There is still a shadow of this even in the New Testament. It is the spirit of the race and time. And so Paul, the broadest mind among all the apostles, orders that the woman shall keep silence in the churches—will not permit her even to ask a question, but tells her to ask her husband at home—mighty little instruction would most wives get now-a-days if they asked their husbands!—tells her, also, she is not to usurp authority; and a great deal more to the same point. Because, as he says, the man is the image and glory of God, but the woman is the glory of the man; and that the man was not created for the woman, but the woman for the man—forgetting, as all the rest do, the oldest of all their Scriptures on the matter, that "God created man in his own image, male and female." But the woman's inspiration still strikes through the man's estimate. She is seemingly as indispensable in the most primitive church as she has been in every church from that day to this. And you can see already, in these very commands to her to be quiet, that she is in some sort of rebellion against what she feels to be a false and unnatural proscription. Dorcas, Phebe, Priscilla, and numbers more, stand by the new faith, give their means and influence for it, suffer for it in every danger and disaster, and cause Paul himself to make such mention of their aid and heartening that we wonder how it is that he does not say, "The woman is just as much needed in this movement as the man; let her do whatever she can; and her own native modesty will always be a better safeguard than my teachings as to what will be most seemly. So I will trust these mighty co-workers to find their true place in the church, and leave the result with God." The great heart never beat quite so high as that. His time and race, education and prejudice—everything—prevented Paul from taking such a stand. The woman was not the peer of the man. With reserved rights in her creation as high and clear as those of Paul himself, but a belonging, a possession, reflecting his light as the moon reflects the sun, she was always, by comparison, filling an inferior place!

No man who has thought much on this matter will doubt my statement when I say that out of these ideas about the woman that men had who could never begin to breathe such an atmosphere of respect for her as that which fills our whole land to-day, there has come a threefold harm that had never come, if, instead of noticing only what the man *said*, we had noticed rather what the woman *did*. First, the church that accepts the whole Bible as God's literal and infallible word, from the first syllable of it to the last, is bound by these things to see the woman in this inferior light, and to speak of her, and act toward her, so as not to contradict very clearly these statements and opinions. And so it is notorious that those churches and men that are the most absolutely given over to this bondage of the letter are exactly those that stand up most stoutly for all the old ideas about the woman's ingrained inferiority. Witness, just now, on this point, the argument by the Rev. John Todd; while men like Mr. Beecher, whose natures interpret the truth of God infinitely better than their creeds, have a grand sweet indifference as to what men in the old ages might believe and say on the subject, and speak for her as for one made in the image of God as surely and as greatly as the man. But even this bondage of the churches on the question of the inferiority of woman is not so bad as that of the woman herself. More delicate and diffident in her religious thought than the man, and more dependent on settled authorities and a "Thus saith the Lord" for her conclusions, what is surrounded with such divinity as this that hedges our Bible is so unquestionable to the vast majority of women as to make them shrink from the idea of contradicting it either by their testimony or their action, and to look with positive dislike on that little band of pioneers for woman's rights who are fighting as heroic a battle in our time as ever was fought on the earth.

But it is none the less certain that the genius of the woman in long lines of thought and action has come into conflict with the judgment of the man about it, and is seeking to obtain a new verdict that shall give her a different, but still a perfectly equal place in the life God has meant them to share together. Indeed, since the notions of our race that, in the very oldest times, gave woman so much greater reverence than any others came forward in the thought of life, this movement has been visible, and it has been observed that wherever there was large opportunity and encouragement for the woman to act her part, a great part *has been* acted, and the Scripture fulfilled afresh that "God created man in his own image, male and female." It was never allowed that the woman in the church could be a bishop or a preacher, but there was from the beginning a sphere in which she could be a minister, nursing the sick and ministering to human misery—no such ministry was ever found among men as this of the woman. She was always allowed, also, to be a martyr. She might not *speak* for her faith, but she might *die* for it. The man never denied her that great boon! I am not so well read in the annals of martyrdom as I ought to be, because I dislike the reading when it is a mere recital of the horrors men and women have had to suffer who differed from other men and women in every sort of religious conviction; but so far as I have read I cannot remember one woman who, taking a great place as a witness for God, ever went back on her record for fear of martyrdom, as so many men have done. Once brought forward into a certain prominence, and compelled to stand fast and die, or to save her life by making shipwreck of faith and a good conscience, there was no shadow of turning. She only turned to the open heavens and the waiting angels, and went her way through the fire, or past the block, to her rest!

Again, in the noblest achievement of civil life, the art of human government, the ages have witnessed to an equal wisdom and power when a queen has held the scepter, and not a king. No years in history have stood in a grander light than those of Elizabeth, Anne, and Victoria; and the noblest of the three was the reign of the Virgin Queen, because she seems most constantly to have relied on that intuition that is the complement of the man's reason. And as Coleridge, in his most difficult experiences, would always go to one wise woman and say, "What do you think of this?" and find what she thought of it, but never let her give a reason for her thinking, because the *thought*, he said, and not the reason, was the treasure he sought, so Elizabeth was wise to say, "This is my thought," and then to stop; and her grace of womanly wisdom lifted her land out of darkness into a marvellous light, and made her age the golden age of England.

But, passing by the fact that through all the centuries the woman has overturned the man's judgment by her genius, and shown him that she is not to be held inferior to him, by now-and-then doing almost everything that is done in our life as well as the man could do it; here we are, all living in a time when, as never before, this genius of the woman matches her, after her own nature, with the man, and shows that she was not one whit more *given* to the man, in the sense of being a possession, than the man, in that sense again, was given to the woman; that there is no inferiority, except that which comes from the man's unfairness; and that this question of whether any vestige of this unfairness shall continue to lurk among our laws, and to deform and afflict our life, is preparing, in the most enlightened communities, for the last battle—a battle that can only end in the utter overthrow of every selfish proscription, and the opening of a new and living way to the woman, and the perfecting of all her powers.

It was only a disgrace, still to grow more disgraceful until the end comes, that ever the question we call "woman's rights" should rise, at least in this free land. In the abstract we would think it was impossible; and that just as the father, pressed down to the earth by a load of care, hails with delight the promise that his son is going to take an equal share presently in the business, and to help along the enterprise to a perfect success, the man would hail with delight such promise in the woman, and instantly assent to her being an equal partner wherever, afore-time, she had been only a servant or a spectator; that when the first woman came forward and said, "I think this is all a mistake about the woman's have no voice in the government under which she must live and labor—I feel that I ought to have such a voice, and I propose now to be heard—not by your permission, because you have no more power to permit me in reality than I have to permit you; God created man in his own image, male and female"—that such a claim would have been met with acclamation, and all men would have hastened to remove whatever hindrance the darker and unfairer ages had cast in her way; and that her course would have been watched, with a tender, trembling anxiety that the step should be made good; and so that all women, our wives and sisters, should come forward to make so vast and valuable an addition to whatever wisdom is found in Legislature and Congress; and a warm hope be felt that whenever we get to a point at which we can elect a President for his intrinsic worth rather than political feasibility, some woman would be found, fitter than any man, and elected to fill that now most undesirable position: and that when she should be stirred and inspired of God to say, "I want to take to the cure of human life as a physician," or to the cure of souls as a preacher, or to pleading for justice at the bar, or to any other calling in which there are never too many workmen "who need not to be ashamed," the doors of the divinity, law and medical schools would fly right open, and the woman be most gladly admitted and generously taught, and her failure to preach, or practice, or plead, be most heartily regretted and deplored—that then all deep-hearted men would say, this means something; we must look to the woman, now, to reveal new possibilities from her nature; this failure is only like the failure of the first swallow to reach the new summer; you find it stranded and at the water's edge, lost in the cold; but you know that there will presently be a host of them to fill the air of June, and will *accomplish* that whereunto they were sent.

How far the man has been, and is to-day, from giving the woman such a welcome, I cannot stop to tell, and you do not need to be told. I speak of it, in the line of my thought, to say that, as I see it, this opposition to the woman's rights is an opposition to the incoming of a better day in which the woman is to play her equal part with the man, and the world is to wonder over the power that for untold ages has been wasted through misconception, timidity and selfishness on both sides.

Let the woman keep her place, says the man. He *means* let her "chronicle small-beer;" and the vast majority of women listen, and keep their place, and do what they are bidden, because it is not to be denied that this new claim woman is making is even more ruthlessly cast out and condemned by women than men. Just as the publicans had a kindlier heart to the new gospel of Christ than the Pharisees, who were in their way the most religious, and should have been nearest, so the woman who should stand most earnestly for the claims of the woman can often say and do still harder things about them than even the man himself! "Let the woman keep her place," Lyman Beecher said, I suppose, a thousand times. "The woman is not permitted to teach, or to usurp authority. The man's glory is from God, but the woman's glory is from the man. Now, Harriet, you are going to marry Brother Stowe. Be a good wife; take care of your home; look up to your husband; let *him* do the talking; turn over a new leaf. You have been a little given to the vain thought that the woman can have an equal place with the man; put that idea away forever, and do not go against Paul. You will now have a husband and a parish to care for. That's enough for any woman." How natural it would be for the stout old Puritan preacher and worshipper of Paul to talk like that? And had there not been just one way open over which the man has no control, how inevitable it would have been that daughter Harriet should listen and obey—should be no more forever than the parson's wife. But there was a church-door he could not shut to the woman—a pulpit with a higher consecration than ours. So long as it was more free, Harriet could preach by the *press*, and she had one sermon at least in her heart. She *must* preach! I remember listening to that sermon when I was working at the anvil, sitting up two whole nights to hear it, and not falling down asleep, as the young man did whom Paul preached to. For three days and two nights I hardly closed my eyes, if I did close them at all, working all day, reading all night, of that new Saint Thomas who did not doubt, until my heart was shaken and exhausted of all its tears and emotions by the mighty words that were winning a Nation in a day to the truth! The woman did usurp authority; but did she derive her glory any longer from her husband? She did not teach in the church, but she did teach as no preacher ever taught before—not even her brother—and to such an audience as never man had. "Do you, my dear, learn drawing after the classic models," kindly Monsieur Bonheur would say to his daughter Rosa, "and then some day you may get pupils of your own, and make your living at it." But Rosa plunged into the wild woods, and said to herself, "I must do what I must;" and so, at last, she painted the "Horse Fair." And so I might go on, almost endlessly, to tell you of these grand illustrations of this moving of the spirit among women that is to make the establishment of what we call woman's rights as inevitable as the establishment of the summer against the winter. But this is what I cannot pass to consider in any detail, to-day. That there should be any question, as I said, of these rights, by the man, for a moment, and any effort needed to win them, is the wonder of the times—that there should not be instantly the perfect equality, as of perfect music unto noble words; the recognition of this most ancient of all the truths in our Bible on the man-and-woman question, that God created man in his own image, male and female; and then a strong, reverent endeavor, as when a man would strive for the salvation of his soul, to do everything that can be done for the whole commonwealth of the the sexes.

Pardon me, if I have not seemed to speak to you of "religion" in this sermon; and let me say that in religion, to-day, I know no more urgent doctrine to be received for our salvation than this recognition of the new claim of the woman to her own place, and no wickedness much worse in the whole effect of it than to make her the inferior we do. If gentlemen of the School Board find a woman as able to teach as the man, and do not give her an equal opportunity, they are as unjust as their tether will allow them to be. And if she does work as good, and as much of it, for nine hundred dollars as they pay a man twelve hundred for, they cheat the woman out of three hundred dollars just as certainly, and with as cool a cruelty, as if a man should take a shilling from you and give you back a ninepence, because you could not help yourself! We must quit laughing at at China, with her prescribed occupations, running for a thousand years from father to son, and mourning at India, with her caste, and sneering at Europe, with her aristocracies and class-pride, and at all who will discriminate where God has broken down distinctions, until in our whole civil and sacred life together we are prepared to admit the woman to whatever equal rights she may claim with the man. Only then shall there be a state that is not torn by dissension. Only then a church in which there will be neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female, but we shall be all one in Christ!

Friends, this discourse which I have brought you today was one which I first preached to my own people in Chicago. But I have long wanted to give it to you in old Faneuil Hall, this place so truly dedicated to freedom and equal rights, and because the theme was so important and suited to the free expression of the place. Not that I could not give it in the broad church where so much generosity and freedom has been allowed me this month, Hollis street church, which the free and noble utterances of John Pierpont and Thomas Starr King have rendered a synonym for all that was bold and manly; but there seemed a more fitting adaption in this place for this new and outspoken utterance. Friends, I now return to my home, never before leaving Boston with so many reasons for regret, or with so many rememberances of kindness vouchsafed to me. If it shall please God I shall come again to Boston next year. If so, may I find you all in health and prosperity, with warm hearts for every good cause, and the walls of our common Zion stronger and firmer for your care and zeal. So may God bless us all, and make us worthy to work and live!

Boston Commonwealth.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN ENGLAND.

MR. GEORGE W. SMALLEY, in a letter to *The Tribune*, dated London, September 2d, concerning political affairs in England, says:

The question of female suffrage comes to the front rather more often here than in America—I suppose because there is a better organized and more reasonably conducted movement here than there. On Monday, after a speech by Mr. Julian Goldsmid, now member for Honiton, to the electors of Mid-Surrey, he was asked whether he would support Mr. Stuart Mill in his efforts to secure the franchise for women. Mr. Goldsmid replied that he had paired last season with a friend against Mr. Mill's proposition. The next day his friend said to him, "You cannot think what a mess I got into last night when I went home. My wife thinks I was a great fool for pairing in favor of female suffrage. She says that the women have quite sufficient influence as it is; that they do not want votes; and she said that she would not let me vote next time for female "suffrage," [Laughter.] Mr. Goldsmid said he quite agreed with the lady, and partly because among women themselves opinions differed so widely. But I suspect that Mr. Mill will find his supporters greatly increased in number when a vote is taken next session. It is even possible that the courts may decide that women under the existing law are entitled, if householders, to the franchise, in that case the attack would be shifted and Parliament would have to pass a law to exclude them, instead of a law to admit them, a thing which last session it distinctly refused to do, as is shown in Mr. Pankhurst's article in *The Fortnightly*.

That article is noteworthy. Mr. Pankhurst has collected the existing authorities on the law as it now stands, and asserts absolutely, "The Right of Women to Vote under the Reform Act, 1867." Part of his reasoning is already familiar, but the old and the new are welded into a most compact and logical statement. The franchise is granted by the act not as in the act of 1832, to "every male person," but to "every man." The word man includes women by express statutory enactment "unless the contrary as to gender is expressly provided," which it is not in the Reform bill of 1867. The argument from the rejection of Mr. Mill's amendment to substitute "person" for "man" would not be conclusive as to the legal meaning of the act, even if it stood alone. But there is a fact of equal value on the other side:

"Before the bill went into committee, the attention of Parliament was called to the terms of Lord Romilly's act (above referred to); and on the 28th of March Mr. Denman, Q. C., asked whether, having regard to that act, it was the intention of government to confer the franchise upon women as well as men. In reply Mr. Disraeli stated he believed there was a proviso excluding Lord Romilly's act. *But there was no such proviso in the bill, and there is none in the act.* On the 20th of May Mr. Mill moved that the word 'person' should be substituted for the word 'man,' but it was rejected. *Finally on the 12th of July Parliament refused to adopt Mr. Powell's amendment to substitute the expression 'male person' for the term 'man.'*

"Therefore, as to the history of the passage of the act, the case stands thus: The Legislature, being in possession of the expression 'male person' employed in the act of 1832, *rejected it, and deliberately, and with full knowledge of its legal value, used by the term 'man;* but declined to construe the terms in express words (as they would have done by Mr. Mill's amendment), leaving that point, if it should become doubtful, to the decision of the ordinary tribunals of the land, guided by the common rules of interpretation."

Mr. Pankhurst then argues that as women are within the intention and within the technical meaning of the act, they cannot be excluded from the franchise unless they are actually, and in a legal sense incompetent, like infants and lunatics, to exercise their rights. But a franchise granted is a thing that whoever is within the description is entitled absolutely to exercise. As to the electoral right, they did actually exercise it in former times, by voting for members of Parliament. The assertion of incompetency rests on a dictum of Lord Coke, 4 Just. 5, which is not even judicial, and is the *sole authority* for the position that by the law of England women are under disability of voting for members of Parliament. The only other ground is the presumption of natural incapacity, and that can only be maintained on the same ground that excludes lunatics and and infants—mental imbecility—which I think Mr. Pankhurst need scarcely have discussed seriously.

REGISTRATION OF VOTERS—WOMEN DENIED THE FRANCHISE.

LONDON, Sept. 16th, 1868.

The registration of voters for the forthcoming Parliamentary elections, which will commence about the 13th of November next, is being prosecuted with great diligence throughout the British isles.

At many places women formally demanded that their names be placed upon the lists of voters on the ground that they possessed the property qualifications prescribed by the Reform bill, and the legal aspects of the question, as well as the extent of the movement, have excited much public interest on the subject. Over six thousand women claimed the right to be registered in Manchester alone, and their demands were urged in an able speech before the registering officials by Miss Lydia Becker. After argument on both sides the claim was disallowed. Similar proceedings took place in other towns, and in some cases the question was reserved for legal decision.

The question has finally been brought before the judges at Westminster, and they have overruled the application of women to be registered as voters, on the ground that an amendment to the Reform bill, which was proposed in the House of Commons by Mr. Mill, substituting the word "person" for "man" was rejected, and that by this action the House clearly indicated the intent and purpose of the bill in this respect.

LEGAL OPINION.

In the month of May last the question of the right of women to be registered as voters was agitated in some of the cities of England. A deputation from the Manchester National Society for Women's Suffrage having waited upon the Board of Overseers for the township of Manchester for the purpose of asking them to place women on the list of voters, under the representation of the People bill, 1867, the Board decided upon obtaining counsel's opinion thereon and, submitted a case to Mr. Mellish, Q. C., who replied thus:

"I am of opinion that under the Representation of the People act, 1867, women are not entitled to be registered as voters. It is plain that if it had been the intention of Parliament to give votes to woman the word "man" would not have been used in the third, fourth, fifth and sixth sections, and no statute ought to be construed contrary to the manifest intention of the legislature. I am of opinion that the overseers ought not to place the names of women on the register. I see no objection to their names being placed on the list of claimants.

GEORGE MELLISH.

LITERARY.

WHAT ANSWER? By ANNA E. DICKINSON. 301 pages. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

We have received from Messrs. Ticknor & Fields advance sheets of Miss Dickinson's book, "What Answer?" to be issued this week. It is a story, without great elaborateness of plot, based mainly upon incidents of our recent war history. It is dedicated, with noble purpose, to the abolition of the cruel and unchristian prejudice against color. It contains twenty-two chapters, and will be read throughout with absorbed and increasing interest. It is well written, and affords ample evidence of Miss Dickinson's ability to use effectively her pen, as well as her voice, in behalf of the oppressed.

An outline of the story, with extracts, prepared for this number, but unavoidably crowded out, we shall present next week. We welcome the book as a new, timely and powerful auxiliary in our work, of pleading the cause of the still oppressed and outraged colored people. As will be seen by a notice given elsewhere, we have arranged with the publishers to present Miss Dickinson's book—which all our readers, and thousands who have listened to her eloquent voice, will desire to read—as a premium to those who renew their subscriptions and send remittences of one or more new subscribers for THE STANDARD.

The Galaxy for October opens with a new and clever story, *Cipher* (we believe from the pen of Mrs. J. G. Austin), admirably illustrated by Eytinge. "Is Labor a Curse?" is a very readable article and, as a whole, is a valuable contribution to the discussion of the Labor question. We are sorry to see only two illustrations in the number; and we hear that after this month Mr. Linton withdraws from the engraving department. We had hoped for better things from the new management than such unwise economy, if economy be the reason, for it is unwise to reduce both quantity and quality of art in a magazine advertised as illustrated and which must make good its promises if it would command success.

Mr. Smalley, in a recent London letter to *The Tribune*, mentions a new story in preparation by Mr. Charles Reade, which has been secured for *The Galaxy*. Mr. S. adds:

"Mr. Reade's new story in *The Galaxy* ought to be the more welcome to American readers because its author is one of the few literary men in England whose friendship for the Union stood the test of the Rebellion. He is almost the only Democrat I know in England. As a writer his diligence and fidelity are remarkable. Before he wrote *Hard Cash* he had collected a library of information on the special abuse—private lunatic asylums—what that book was meant to attack. A friend who has penetrated into his sanctum describes it as presenting a curious assemblage of note-books and scrap-books, arranged and classified with a precision which reduces a great mass of miscellaneous facts, extracts and documents into the order and accessibility of a collection of printed books."

W. J. Linton, the celebrated English wood-engraver, has a fairy story in the press of Ticknor & Fields, written and illustrated by himself. It is entitled "The Flower, the Star, and Other Stories."

RECEIVED.

WHAT ANSWER? By Anna E. Dickinson. 301 pp. Boston: Ticknor & Field.

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA. By Alexander William Kinglake. Vol. II. 602 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

MODERN WOMEN. A SERIES OF ARTICLES IN THE SATURDAY REVIEW. With an introduction by Mrs. Lucia Gilbert Calhoun. 371 pp. New York: J. S. Redfield, Publisher.

A MAN IN EARNEST. LIFE OF A. A. CONANT. By Robert Collyer. 230 pp. Boston: Horace B. Fuller, Publisher.

TENNYSON'S POEMS; THE HALF-DOLLAR EDITION. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

Atlantic Monthly for October. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Putnam's Magazine for October. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

Harper's Monthly for October. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Our Young Folks for October. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Demorest's Young America for October. New York: W. J. Demorest, Publisher.

The Children's Friend for October. Westchester, Pa. E. K. Smedley, Editor.

Littell's Living Age. No. 1269. Boston: Littell and Gay.

Harper's Bazar, for September 26th. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Every Saturday. No. 143. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH OF THE UNIVERSAL PEACE UNION.

A MEETING of this Radical Peace Society will be held at Longwood, Chester County, Pa., Sunday, September 27th, 1868; commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., to establish the conditions of Peace and remove the custom of War.

Levi K. Joslin, of Providence, R. I., will be present with speakers from Pennsylvania.

Executive Committee—Alfred H. Love, Lucretia Mott, Henry T. Child, M. D., Dinah Mendenhall, Rachel W. M. Townsend and others.

Special Notices.

THE STANDARD will hereafter be delivered to our subscribers in this city by the carriers of the Post office Department. Should any irregularity occur in its delivery from imperfect addresses, or from any other cause, we hope to be promptly advised. To provide for the necessary prepayment of postage the subscription price will, from this date, be three dollars and fifty cents a year to subcribers within the city limits.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, hitherto the carrier of our paper this city, will act as our Agent, and receive subscriptions and advertisements on account of THE STANDARD.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE on Fifth street is closed. Persons who have business with the State Society, who wish to pay their subscription for THE STANDARD, or who wish to subscribe for the paper, will please call on the undersigned, who has consented to act as General Agent for a time.

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FOR ARTIFICIAL LIMBS (Legs and Arms.)
By the International Jury, PARIS, 1867.

LE CONSEILLER D'ETAT, Commissaire General, F. LE PLAY.
LE MINISTRE, Vice-Pres't de la Com. Imperiale, CE. FOREADE.

REPORT OF U. S. COMMISSIONER, T. W. EVANS, M. D., MEMBER OF THE JURY OF THE UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION, TO THE UNITED STATES. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SECRETARY, DEPARTMENT OF STATE. To wit:

DR. HUDSON has received from the IMPERIAL COMMISSION a BRONZE MEDAL and DIPLOMA, for the limbs sent by him, which have been particularly admired, and are in execution unquestionably the most remarkable in the Exposition." (The only Limbs which had the award of the Medal.)

TESTIMONIAL OF THE
CONFERENCE
OF THE
INTERNATIONAL SANITARY COMMISSION
AT THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, PARIS, 1867.

"IN THE NAME OF THE CONFERENCE OF ASSOCIATIONS FOR THE RELIEF OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS,

"I

Miscellaneous Department.

THE FATHERLAND.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Where is the true man's fatherland?
Is it where he by chance is born?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned?
O, yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,
Where God is God and man is man?
Doth he not claim a broader span,
For the soul's love of home than this?
O, yes! his fatherland must be,
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle wreath or sorrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birth-place grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er a man may help another—
Thank God for such a birthright, brother—
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man's birth-place grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

There are, who like the seers of old
Can see the helpers God has sent,
And how life's rugged mountain side
Is white with many an angel tent!
They hear the heralds whom our Lord
Sends down his pathway to prepare;
And light, from others hidden, shines
On their high place of faith and prayer.

WHITTIER.

LION HUNTING.

Sir S. W. Baker's interesting work on the Exploration of the Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia has been published in good shape by a Hartford house* and is interesting reading. The author's work on "Albert N'yanza Great Basin of the Nile," published two years ago, gave an account of the equatorial lake system, from which the Egyptian river derives its source. The discovery of the lake sources of the Nile does not completely solve the mystery of ages. Nor is it clear that the fertility of Egypt depends upon the rainfall of the equator, concentrated in the lakes Victoria and Albert. The exploration of the Nile tributaries, as now given, divides the Nile system into two proportions, and in the belief of the author unravels the entire mystery of the river by assigning to each its due share in ministering to the prosperity of Egypt. The volume is full of adventure, but is not so readable as the great work of Livingstone. The author certainly has not the faculty of interesting the reader so much in the people whom he encountered. Perhaps this arises from the character of the natives themselves. The following hunting scene is not bad. Think of bagging elephants, hippopotami, Buffaloes, rhinoceros, giraffes and such:

Every day, from sunrise to sunset, I was either on foot or in the saddle, without rest, except upon Sundays, which I generally passed at home, with the relaxation of fishing in the beautiful river Settite. There was an immense quantity of large game, and I had made a mixed bag of elephants, hippopotami, buffaloes, rhinoceros, giraffes, and great numbers of the large antelopes. Lions, although numerous, were exceedingly difficult to bag; there was no chance but in the extreme risk of creeping through the thickest jungle. Upon two or three occasions I had shot them by crawling into their very dens, where they had dragged their prey; and I must acknowledge that they were much more frightened at me than I was at them. I had generally obtained a most difficult and unsatisfactory shot at close quarters; sometimes I rolled them over with a mortal wound, and they disappeared to die in impenetrable jungle; but at all times fortune was on my side. On moonlight nights I generally lay in wait for these animals with great patience; sometimes I shot hippopotami and used a hind-quarter as a bait for lions, while I watched in ambush at about twenty yards distance; but the hyenas generally appeared like evil spirits, and dragged away the bait before the lions had a chance. I never fired at these scavengers, as they are most useful creatures, and are contemptible as game. My Arabs had made their fortune, as I had given them all the meat of the various animals, which they dried and transported to Gegra, together with fat, hides, etc. It would be wearying to enumerate the happy hunting-days passed throughout this country. We were never ill for a moment; although the thermometer was seldom below eighty-eight degrees during the day, the country was healthy, as it was intensely, dry, and therefore free from malaria; at night the thermometer averaged seventy degrees, which was a delightful temperature for those in the open air.

As our camp was full of meat, either dried or in the process of drying in festoons upon the trees, we had been a great attraction to the beasts of prey, that constantly prowled around our thorn fence during the night. One night in particular, a lion attempted to enter, but had been repulsed by the Tokrooris who pelted him with firebrands; my people woke me up and begged me to shoot him, but as it was perfectly impossible to fire correctly through the hedge of thorns, I refused to be disturbed; yet I promised to hunt for him on the following day. Throughout the entire night the lion prowled around the camp, growling and uttering his peculiar guttural sigh. Not one of my people slept, as they declared he would bound into the camp and take somebody, unless they kept up the watchfires and drove him away with brands. The next day, before sunrise, I called Hassan and Hadji Ali, whom I lectured severely upon their cowardice on a former occasion, and received their promise to follow me to death. I intrusted them with my two Reilly's No. 10! and with my little Fletcher in hand, I determined to spend the whole day in searching every thicket of the forest for lions, as I felt convinced that the animal that had disturbed us during the night was concealed somewhere within the neighboring jungle.

The whole day passed fruitlessly; I had crept through the thickest thorns in vain; having an abundance of meat, I had refused the most tempting shots at buffaloes and large antelopes, as I had devoted myself exclusively to lions. I was much disappointed, as the evening had arrived without a shot having been fired, and as the sun had nearly set I wandered slowly towards home. Passing through alternate open glades a few yards in width, hemmed in on all sides by thick jungle, I was carelessly carrying my rifle upon my shoulder as I pushed my way through the opposing thorns, when a sudden roar, just before me me, at once brought the rifle upon full cock, and I saw a magnificent lion standing in the middle of the glade, about ten yards from me; he had been lying on the ground, and had started to his feet upon hearing me approach through the jungle. For an instant he stood in an attitude of attention, as we were hardly visible; but at the same moment I took a quick but sure shot with the little Fletcher. He gave a convulsive bound, but rolled over backwards: before he could recover himself I fired the left-hand barrel. It was a glorious sight. I had advanced a few steps into the glade, and Hassan had quickly handed me a spare rifle, while Taher Noor stood by me sword in hand. The lion in the greatest fury, with his shaggy mane bristling in the air, roared with death-like growls, as open-mouthed he endeavored to charge upon us; but he dragged his hindquarters upon the ground, and I saw immediately that the little Fletcher had broken his spine. In his tremendous exertions to attack he rolled over and over, gnashing his horrible jaws, and tearing holes in the sandy ground at each blow of his tremendous paws that would have crushed a man's skull like an egg-shell. Seeing that he was *hors de combat*, I took it coolly, as it was already dusk, and the lion having rolled into a dark and thick bush, I thought it would be advisable to defer the final attack, as he would be dead before morning. We were not ten minutes' walk from the camp, at which we quickly arrived, and my men greatly rejoiced at the discomfiture of their enemy, as they were convinced he was the same lion that had attempted to enter the zareeba.

On the following morning, before sunrise, I started with nearly all my people and a powerful camel, with the intention of bringing the lion home entire. I rode my horse Tetel, as he had frequently shown great courage, and I wished to prove whether he would advance to the body of a lion.

Upon arrival near the spot which we supposed to have been the scene of the encounter, we were rather puzzled, as there was nothing to distinguish the locality; one place exactly resembled another, as the country was flat and sandy, interspersed with thick jungle of green nabbuk; we accordingly spread out to beat for the lion. Presently Hadji Ali cried out: "There he lies, dead!" and I immediately rode to the spot, together with the people. A tremendous roar greeted us, as the lion started to his fore-feet, and with his beautiful mane erect, and his great hazel eyes flashing fire, he gave a succession of deep, short roars, and challenged us to fight. This was a grand picture; he looked like a true lord of the forest, but I pitied the poor brute, as he was helpless, and although the spirit was game to the last, his strength was paralyzed by a broken back.

It was a glorious opportunity for the horse. At the first unexpected roar the camel had bolted with its rider; the horse had for a moment started on one side, and the men had scattered; but in an instant I had reined Tetel up, and I now rode straight towards the lion, as he courted the encounter about twenty paces distant. I halted exactly opposite the noble-looking beast, which, seeing me in advance of the party, increased his rage and growled deeply, fixing his glance upon the horse. I now patted Tetel on the neck, and spoke to him coaxingly; he gazed intently at the lion, erected his mane and snorted, but showed no signs of retreat. "Bravo! old boy!" I said, and encouraging him by caressing his neck with my hand, I touched his flank gently with my heel; I let him just feel my hand upon the rein, and with a "Come along, old lad," Tetel slowly but resolutely advanced step by step towards the infuriated lion, that greeted him with continued growls. The horse several times snorted loudly, and stared fixedly at the terrible face before him; but as I constantly patted and coaxed him, he did not refuse to advance. I checked him when within about six yards from the lion. This would have made a magnificent picture, as the horse, with astounding courage, faced the lion at bay; both animals kept their eyes fixed upon each other, the one beaming with rage, the other with cool determination. This was enough—I dropped the reins upon his neck; it was a signal that Tetel perfectly understood, and he stood firm as a rock, for he knew that I was about to fire. I took aim at the head of the glorious but distressed lion, and a bullet from the little Fletcher dropped him dead. Tetel never flinched at a shot. I now dismounted, and having patted and coaxed the horse, I led him up to the body of the lion, which I also patted, and then gave my hand to the horse to smell. He snorted once or twice, and as I released my hold of the reins, and left him entirely free, he slowly lowered his head, and sniffed the mane of the dead lion; he then turned a few paces upon one side, and commenced eating the withered grass beneath the nabbuk bushes.

Boston Advertiser.

**Explorations of the Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia.* The sources, supply and overflow of the Nile; the country, people, customs, etc. By Sir S. W. Baker. Hartford: O. D. Case & Co. 1868.

A FAREWELL.

Ah! quiet dell! dear cot! and mount sublime!
I was constrained to quit you. Was it right,
While my unnumbered brethren toil'd and bled,
That I should dream away the entrusted hours,
On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart
With feelings all too delicate for use?
Sweet is the tear that from some Howard's eye
Drops on the cheek of one he lifts from earth;
And he that works me good with unmoved face
Does it but half: he chills me while he aids;
My benefactor, not my brother man.
Yet even this, this cold beneficence
Seizes my praise when I reflect on those,
The Sluggard Pity's vision-weaving tribe!
Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched;
Nursing in some delicious solitude
Their slothful loves and dainty sympathies.
I therefore go and join head, heart and hand,
Active and firm to fight the bloodless fight
Of Science, Freedom, and the truth in Christ.

COLERIDGE.

WHAT CAN A MAN AFFORD.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

In a recent number of the *Ledger*, we urged the duty of buying and reading good books. We said that whenever we should be elected Pope, we should require every married young man to set apart one-tenth of his income for the purchase of books, etc. This remark—of which the form was half-jesting, but the substance of which was good earnest—has called forth several epistles. That is a good sign. When, as a boy, we went out a-nutting, we always listened, after throwing a club, to hear if the chestnuts rattled. An article on a practical subject, in the people's paper, is like a club thrown into a tree.

We insert a part of a letter, premising, that we do not judge the case presented therein. The man, for aught we know, may be pursuing the wisest course. But it may serve as a text for further remarks:

"I am myself in favor of all you say in that article, if a man can afford it; indeed, I have been after buying the new American Encyclopedia for at least three or four years, but have not bought it up to the present time; had the money several times, but always needed it for something else. I have some books now, which I find great delight in reading, and should add if possible; but I always need the money for something else, having a family of four children. However, I do not want you to tell me to stay away from grog-shops and avoid tobacco, and invest such money in books. I have not spent a dollar in the bar-room this year.

"In conclusion, I will say, I hope you will be able to read and understand these few lines, and give an answer through the *Ledger*."

In bringing up a family, there are thousands of persons who are so poor, at least in the earlier part of their career, that, with the utmost industry and frugality, they can barely supply the material wants of the household. Clothes, food and fuel, without these a man dies. They are the primary wants. Sometimes, from peculiar and local reasons, men do not get beyond this conflict for mere existence. But, in America, at least, with ordinary industry and frugality, accompanied with the morals of temperance, this fight for subsistence lasts but a few years, at most, and by perhaps the majority of men is hardly entered upon.

The moment a man earns more than enough to secure physical existence, new questions arise. How much of earnings shall be saved for capital? Upon what principle shall that which is expended upon the family be distributed to various wants?

Shall clothes grow finer, and shall there be more of them? Shall our children be brought up to the average style of dress prevailing in the village? Shall our table be a little more generously supplied? Shall coarser food give way to more luxurious diet? Shall the linen table-cloth become finer? the cutlery and dishes more expensive? Shall the beds, and chairs, and bureaus improve? the carpets, the mirrors, the chairs, curtains, and the whole wardrobe?

All these may be steps of real progress. But, whether they are or not, depends upon other considerations. All this, so far, is only a larger provision for physical wants. If social, intellectual and moral needs have been provided for with equal liberality, then the progress is real, salutary and sound.

But what if a man cannot afford, in addition to these things, to take good newspapers—cannot afford to buy books—cannot afford to put his children to thoroughly good schools, because the charges are too high? Cannot afford to have a good seat in church—cannot afford to go to concerts, to lectures, and other means of improvement?

All these interrogatories may be summed up in one question: Can a man afford to pamper his body and starve his mind?

Every man has four children in every child—a physical child, a social child, an intellectual child, and a moral child. These four natures unite in forming each individual.

The education of a child is to be carried up in these four lines. Now, no man can afford to starve three parts of his child, for the sake of overfeeding one part.

Here is the common mistake. Parents do well by their children's bodies, but their intellectual, social and moral natures are subject to rigid economy. Is it not so? Let the facts be looked at.

When men begin to prosper, do they spend in proportion half as much for the inward manhood of their families as for the outward? Do they not pay lavishly for a better house, better furnishings, better food and clothes, but stingily for books, schools, newspapers, church privileges, and for refining and humanizing amusements?

The other fact: When times are hard and men are embarrassed, and begin to curtail expenses, where does the knife fall first? Children are withdrawn from school! The newspapers are given up! No new books this year!

But appearances must be kept up, and so a new coat of paint on the house, good clothes, hats, bonnets and boots, proclaim that the physical must be cared for, whatever becomes of the moral and intellectual elements of manhood.

Of course, every man must determine for himself the manner and relative distribution of his income. But a few things may be set down for young men to ponder.

There are a great many things that a young man cannot afford.

He cannot afford to be a good animal and a poor man; to have strong bones and a weak conscience; to feed his children's mouths and starve their souls; to grumble at school bills while settling large grog-bills; to chew tobacco, but refuse a good newspaper; to put a fine hat on a foolish head; to hoard money but to lay up no ideas; to own a horse that knows more than its rider.

No man living can afford to be dissipated, or self-indulgent, or ignorant. Nobody can afford to be a fool. It will not pay.

N. Y. Ledger.

Paganini's Shoe-violin.—The Paris *Figaro* announces the sale of one of the most curious violins the musical world ever possessed. *Il fanatici per la musica* will find, at No. 9 Rue Vivienne, a violin of Paganini's, which, at first sight, merely presents the appearance of a mis-shaped wooden shoe. The story thereof is curious. During the winter of 1838, Paganini was living in a *maison de santé*, called Les Neothermes, Rue de la Victoire, 48. A large box was brought to him by the Normandy diligence, on opening which he found inclosed two inner boxes, and, carefully wrapped in several folds of tissue paper, a wooden shoe, and a letter stating that the writer, having heard much of his genius, begged as a proof thereof he would perform in public on an instrument made out of this sabot. Paganini felt this to be an impertinent satire, and mentioned the story with some annoyance, to his friend, the Chevalier de Baride. The latter took the sabot to a violin maker, who, with wondrous ingenuity, converted it into a musical instrument. The Chevalier insisted on Paganini trying the sabot. He not only did so, but performed on it some of his most exquisite fantasies, which fact, in the hand-writing of the great musician, is recorded on a slip of paper now to be seen posted on the sabot-violin for sale in the Rue Vivienne.

TIDES.

Oh, patient shore, that canst not go to meet
Thy love, the restless sea, how comfortest
Thou all thy loneliness? Art thou at rest,
When, loosing his strong arms from round thy feet,
He turns away? Know'st thou, however sweet
That other shore may be, that to thy breast
He must return? And when, in sterner test,
He folds thee to a heart which does not beat,
Wraps thee in ice, and gives no smile, no kiss,
To break long wintry days, still dost thou miss
Nought from thy trust? still wait, unfaltering,
The higher, warmer waves which leap in spring?
Oh, sweet, wise shore, to be so satisfied!
Oh heart, learn, from the shore!—Love has a tide!

The Galaxy. H. H.

COST OF ELECTIONS IN ENGLAND.

The recent report by a committee of the English Parliament, shows that the expense of electing the members of the last House of Commons amounted to $3,699,210. This sum is divided into two items, one of $1,946,080 for electing members from the counties; the other of $1,753,130 for electing the members from the boroughs. The average cost of each of the 147 county seats in England was $10,205 in gold, and each of the 320 borough seats was $4,750. In Ireland, the returns are not complete, but the official estimate gives $3,500 as the expense of a seat for the borough. The average of county seats in Scotland was $5,275, and of the borough seats $3,850. The average expenditure on a county seat in Wales was $4,000, and on a borough seat $1,500. The London *News* places the average cost for the whole United Kingdom at $6,440 for each seat. But it further says even this figure is merely an approximate one, for the disclosures before the Bribery Commissions showed incontestably that many candidates spent ten times as much as the sums given in the official returns. There were some remarkable contrasts in the distribution of the immense expenditure at the last election. Mr. Milbank, who came in at the head of the poll for the North Riding, of Yorkshire, certified his expenses at more than $65,000. Yet the two members for the county of Down were returned for $6 25 each, and this was for the erection of the hustings. Two extremes in borough constituencies were equally striking. The late Sir B. Guinness spent $36,040 in contesting the city of Dublin, while the member for Downpatrick got into Parliament for the modest expenditure of $7,50.

A HUMAN TIME-PIECE.

A wonderful story is told of a man named J. D. Chevalley, a native of Switzerland, who had, in 1845, at the age of sixty-five, arrived at an astonishing degree of perfection in reckoning time by an internal movement. He was, in fact, a human time-piece, or living clock. In his youth he was accustomed to pay great attention to the ringing of bells and the vibrations of pendulums, and by degrees he acquired the power of counting a succession of intervals exactly equal to those which the vibration of the sound produced. Being on board a steamboat on Lake Geneva, on July 14th, 1835, he engaged to indicate, to the crowd around, the lapse of a quarter of an hour, or as many minutes and seconds as any chose to name, and this during a most diversified conversation with those standing by; and further, to indicate by his voice the moment when the hand passed over the quarter, minutes, or any other subdivison previously stipulated during the whole course of the experiment. This he did without mistake, notwithstanding the exertions of those about him to distract his attention, and clapped his hands at the conclusion of the fixed time. His own account of his gift was as follows: "I have acquired by imitation, labor, and patience, a movement which neither thought, nor labor, nor anything can stop. It is similar to that of a pendulum, which, at each moment of going and returning, gives me the space of three seconds, so that twenty of them made a minute, and these I add to others continually."

AN AUTUMN SONG.

BY ROBERT WEEKS.

What have rustling leaves to say,
Fit to make us glad or gay?
"Ere the wind blew us away,
Much delight in life we had.

"Now we both of us are sad,
Both of us would death defer—
You, because you are not glad,
We, because we always were."

This is what the brown leaves say,
With a sadness less than mine:
Dear, if I should die to-day,
Give me something to resign.

The Galaxy.

Guard against Vulgar Language.—There is as much connection between the words and the thoughts as there is between the thoughts and actions. The latter is not only the expression of the former, but they have a power to react upon the soul, and leave the stain of corruption there. A young man who allows himself to use one vulgar or profane word, has not only shown that there is a foul spot upon his mind, but by the utterance of that word he extends that spot, and inflames it, till, by indulgence, it will pollute and ruin the soul. Be careful of your words as of your thoughts.

If you can control the tongue that no improper words are pronounced by it, you will soon be able also to control the mind, and save it from corruption. You extinguish the fire by smothering it, or by preventing bad thoughts bursting into language. Never utter a word anywhere which you would be ashamed to speak in the presence of the most refined female, or the most religious man. Try this practice a little while, and you will soon have command of yourself.

Weddings in Borneo.—On the wedding day, the bride and bridegroom are brought from opposite ends of the village to the spot where the ceremony is to be performed. They are made to sit on two bars of iron, that blessings as lasting and health as vigorous as the metal may attend the pair. A cigar and betel leaf, prepared with the areca nut, are next put in the hands of the bride and bridegroom. One of the priests then waves two fowls over the heads of the couple, and in a long address to the Supreme Being, calls down blessings upon the pair, and implores that peace and happiness may attend the Union. After the heads of the affianced have been knocked against each other three or four times, the bridegroom puts the prepared siri leaf and the cigar into the mouth of the bride, when she does the same to him. She thus acknowledges him as her husband. The fowls are then killed, and the blood caught in two cups, and from their color the priest foretells the future of the newly-married. The ceremony is closed with a feast with dancing and noisy music.

A Curious Old Sign.—In 1823 Paul Adams, Esq. passed over the Essex or chain-bridge, across the Merrimac from Newburyport to Salisbury, and says that at that time there was a noted tavern and blacksmith shop, the proprietor of which embodied in himself both professions, and the sign read thus:

"I shoe the horse, I shoe the ox,
I carry the nail within my box,
I make the nail, I make the shoe,
And entertain the stranger too."

The Brain in Sleep.—It was an old error among physiologists that there was more blood passing through the brain, or at least as much, during sleep as in wakefulness; but this was disproved by Blumenbach, and still more convincingly by Donders, who made a cruel though striking experiment on the subject. He cut away part of the skull of an animal, and cemented in its place a piece of glass, through which he could observe the brain in its different states. In the waking state the brain is larger than it is during sleep, while in the latter condition it becomes pale and bloodless. If the animal be disturbed by dreams, a flush suffuses part of the brain; and after complete wakefulness the cerebral substance becomes turgid with blood, the whole surface being now a bright red, while vessels, invisible during sleep, are filled with blood coursing rapidly through them. The observations made show that there is less arterial blood coursing through the brain during sleep, and that consequently the conditions of waste are absent, while there is still sufficient left to repair the matter which has been wasted.

Home Cheerfulness.—Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks, sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing displeases they are prone to avoid it. If home is the place where faces and words are harsh, and fault-finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Let every father and mother, then, try to be happy. Let them look happy. Let them talk to their children, especially the little ones, in such a way as to make them happy.

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EDITED BY S. H. MORSE & J. B. MARVIN.

The general purpose and character of this work may be sufficiently indicated in its title. It is proper, however, to add the following statement: The Radical furnishes a medium for the freest expression of thought on the questions that interest earnest minds in every community. Not having to consult denominational or party interests, it can consistently enforce the lessons of intellectual freedom and self-dependence. Confiding more in the natural force of Ideas for the progress and melioration of society, than in the good offices of the best disposed institution; in the Divine Spirit of Liberty steadily burning in the soul of man, rather than in the wisest prescriptions of political or ecclesiastical art; we are ambitious, by the discussion of ideas and principles, to fortify individuals in their trust of Spiritual Laws, and in an unwavering reliance on the protections of heroic character. As occasion demands, we shall criticize public affairs, and consider the different reformatory movements of the present day.

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